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THE FORUM

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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

MY PHILOSOPHY OF INDUSTRY

HENRY FORD*

THERE is no denying the fact that life seems to be becoming more complicated. But is it, really? Isn't it rather that we are asked to make decisions more rapidly than before? With our new forms of transportation and communication the whole outlook of man is changed. It is greatly enlarged. He travels more, sees more, comes in contact with more people, does more things. But there is a question in my mind whether, with all this speeding up of our everyday activities, there is any more real thinking. Thinking is the hardest work there is, which is the probable reason why so few engage in it. If it were possible first to teach people how to go to work to think and then to think, there would be hope for all sorts of things.

It is easy to have ideas. But whose are they and what are they worth? Merely having something on your mind is not thinking. Merely wondering is not thinking. Merely worrying is not thinking. Merely listening with all intentness to catch and remember something that someone is offering out of the essence of wisdom is not thinking. We all have intelligence, for intelligence is the ability to receive; but we have little thinking.

Thinking is creative or it is analytical. Intelligence comprehends the outlines of a thing. Thinking breaks it into its elements, analyzes it, and puts it together again. One feels, however, that —

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regardless of the fact that up to the present time everything has been about all that it could be under the circumstances — there is a sense in which from this moment forward a new era may emerge, if the necessary human components of the new era decide so. Perhaps the most one can hope for now is to drive home a conviction that as a people we have not done much thinking. If we think we have been thinking and then find out that we have not, the jolt of discovery may be of service to us.

The secrets of life are open to the thinker. Thinking is the work of digging to the foundation and has the aid of higher lights. Thinking calls for facts, and facts are found by digging. He who has gathered of this wealth is well equipped for life.

Of course, in the long run we never really create anything new. We merely discover something which has already existed. We know when we have reached Truth. We are on the right road toward Truth when the things that we are doing make men a little freer than they were. We may also know when we are on the right road by examining what our motives are. Of course, mistakes may be committed with right motives, but the general direction is right when the motive is right. These are the things of which we may be perfectly sure. These principles surround the very base of Life.

Right Things in the Wrong Way

In some instances we are doing right things in the wrong way. Because the method is wrong and the trouble begins presently to show the wrong results, people are quick to draw the conclusion that the whole thing is wrong. They want to wipe it all out. They want to overturn all the machinery of social and of political life. If that were the right thing to do, then it would be the right thing to do. We should never be fearful of the cost of the right thing.

Our discovery of Truth will be one of the great surprises of human experience. When the truth comes everywhere, it will be a great surprise to see how near we have been to it all the time without recognizing it, and to see how little are the changes to be made in our exterior mode of doing things. Our experience is a great preparation. It is a preparation to know the Truth when we meet it. Of course, there are many ways of arriving at this goal. Men have been striving for it ever since civilization began. All right activity has been contributing to the ultimate result.

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Books, mechanics, commerce and science, the motor car, the radio, the airplane — all these have helped us on the way.

Our experiences are coming faster than ever before, both in our industrial world and in our domestic life. Many people see in these changes a world constantly growing worse. I do not believe this; I think we are headed in the right direction and that we should learn to interpret our new life rather than protest against it. We are entering a new era. Old landmarks have disappeared. Our new thinking and new doing are bringing us a new world, a new heaven, and a new earth, for which prophets have been looking from time immemorial. Much of it is here already. But I wonder if we see it.

I have no sympathy with those people who believe the world is growing worse. Of course, we all are making mistakes, but we learn by them. It is only when we correct these mistakes, reverse our tracks, and get back on the main road that we make progress. Automobiles that were made fifteen years ago no longer satisfy. We have all progressed, our needs have changed. We demand more, we see a wider horizon, a better type of civilization; and whether you believe that we are the originators of it or whether a wiser destiny has forced us to accept that which best promotes our welfare matters not. That fact is here and we must recognize it and conform our manner of living to it.

The basic things are of course very old. Nothing useful ever passes away. If a light-headed group comes along and imagines they have found a new morality and if they draw to their books and plays and strange philosophies a following of other light-headed groups, some serious people are inclined to believe that the old morality has passed away. The good old type of goodness they say is gone. It is a rather foolish position to take and causes needless worry.

There is nothing new except a new appreciation, a new understanding, and this is the result of experience, and the result of experience can only be character. I believe that all we are here for is to get experience and form our character. Although our beginnings may be small, yet daily we are adding to our sum total of knowledge of reality — those eternalities of which real life is composed. I believe that our conscious individuality will never be lost. No matter what plane of thought we may inhabit we shall be in full consciousness of our birthright of thinking, and by each experience we shall improve our character.

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Unfortunately, there exists in our day the pretense of a curious prejudice against any view of life that presupposes moral laws or values. The word "moral," like many other terms, has been narrowed in its meaning so that it has been made to serve in the very opposite sense. But when one regards the moral law as merely the law of right action or of truth it becomes quite different from "trying to be good." The universe is set in a certain direction, and when you go along with it, that is "goodness." If you don't, you are getting an admonitory kind of experience.

There is a vast difference between a man's being merely *statically* "good" and being *dynamically* good. In one state he is merely good negatively, and in the other he is good for something and puts that goodness into effect. He accomplishes something for mankind. We make no progress so long as we deny this. Our motive cannot be the attainment of some kind of goodness which is apart from life itself, but the attainment of inherent rightness, physically, mentally, spiritually, so that this complex instrument which we call society may efficiently function. The *right* way is the only *way*. The rightness of an attitude or method goes down through all its relations. Rightness in mechanics, rightness in morals are basically the same thing and cannot rest apart.

Matter and Spirit

I make no difference between matter and spirit. They are different degrees of fineness of the same thing. The one is becoming the other, through ascent and descent, and both benefit by the process.

Will the poverty and the injustice and the need of the world force us to adopt this law of higher relations? If so, fortunate are we. When we speak of "morality in progress," we mean the maintenance by man of his control of the situation, instead of his being overwhelmed by the situation. We mean that he should mold progress to our highest concept of what is right between man and man and of what will work for the service of all, and not merely consent to be molded out of moral shape by the pressure of progress upon him.

Morality is merely doing the sound thing in the best way. It is a larger view and a longer view applied to life. The world is on the whole quite receptive to this implication of progress and we are all waiting for more manifestations of its workings, which are

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incidentally more numerous now than they have ever been in all the ages of mankind. Regardless of what we name it, this view is surely moving to practical recognition. There is one thing that we know about universal law: it operates for us if we will, against us if it must — but it operates.

Furthermore, I believe that the application of this law is necessary for business success. Just as a clean factory, clean tools, accurate gauges, and precise methods of manufacture produce a smooth-working, efficient machine, so clear thinking, clean living, square dealing make of an industrial or domestic life a successful one, smooth-running and helpful to everyone concerned. It has always been surprising to me that so few people realize this great fact. Many people are led astray by gaudily painted substitutes, imitations, when they could have the genuine for the same equivalent of time or money spent — in fact many times for much less.

The whole industrial world is suffering from many bad practices which we must refuse to use or tolerate. There must be a substitution of right methods, of right motives, the real ideals of service. I am no sentimentalist in this regard, it is just good business. There was a word once spoken which throws light on this: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." This is from the Sermon on the Mount. It sounds religious but it is just a plain statement of facts. It means just what it says — the reign, the rule, the law of the highest relations. Get that right way, work by that, and you have the world — a world without poverty, without injustice, without need.

As people wake up in their thinking — and we are even now arriving at this point in some respects — the benefits will be universally ours. Such facts are spreading throughout the whole civilized world. Even foreign lands are feeling the benefit of American progress, our American right thinking. Both Russia's and China's problems are fundamentally industrial and will be solved by the application of these right methods of thinking, practically applied.

No Machine Age

Another thing, it is a mistake to think that we are living in a *machine age*. That's one of those bugaboos which people who do not understand the changing fundamentals of our civilization have set up. They prophesy all sorts of things because we have

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been freeing men for centuries and making it possible for them to widen their lives. We are *not* living in a machine age, *we are living in the power age*. This power age of ours has great possibilities, depending upon how we use it. Of course it can be abused. But it can also be used greatly to benefit mankind.

Here is where what we call the moral law comes in. Power must be properly used or it will destroy us. But I, for one, do not believe that we are headed in this direction. I believe that, fundamentally, every man has sensed his freedom and is eagerly making way for the new era, which is fast appearing. I think we are due for a big change in educational methods. That is one of the reasons why we are, at present, trying out our trade school form of teaching.

Give men or women the ability to think for themselves and they will soon acquire the facts necessary for the solution of their problems. The ability to recognize truth when you see it and the ability to think a thing through to its logical conclusion — these are important. These will help a man or woman contribute his or her share to the social welfare and progress of the world.

Abraham Lincoln and Benjamin Franklin both thought in fundamentals. They would be just as much at home in our civilization of to-day — just as valuable contributing members of our society — as they were in the age in which they lived. The Truth they knew still persists. The Truth we discover, know, and use, sets our value in the world.

In the deep, unwritten wisdom of life, there are many things to be learned that cannot be taught. We never know them by hearing them spoken, but we grow into them by experience and recognize them through understanding. Understanding is a great experience in itself, but it does not come through instruction. Nothing ripens that is not first planted, and the very desire, the dream, the ambitions of youth are by way of a planting which will come to fruition some time after these desires are abandoned and forgotten. For the sown seed goes on growing whether we remember it or not. The wisdom of life is to keep on planting.

It seems to be the tendency of our coming generation to want things in tabloid form. Our youth want to get their education quickly. They want to find short cuts to knowledge. In some ways this is a desirable tendency. We are making use of it in our trade schools by teaching our boys many things by motion pictures. For example, we teach them how to use a micrometer, how

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to use gauges. Many of the processes which are hard to describe in words can be made plain in a few moments by good pictures. Pictures speak the universal language. But on the other hand, observation means little without reflection. In the old methods we observed many things pretty much as they really were. In the present day radio and movie we observe them as some one desires them to appear.

Such a process is likely to stunt our reflective power. On the other hand, the new methods are stimulants. However, these new mediums of education will gradually find their place and the outworn methods will slip out. This will, of course, happen in individual cases much faster than it will in society generally. As is always the case, individuals can make more rapid progress than society can. One portion of the country or the world may see a thing and use it for months or even years before the rest of the world is willing to adopt it.

To my mind there is little difference between an international problem and a local one. The only difference is that people generally think in local terms instead of thinking in universal conceptions. As I have told many young men who have come to me for advice on how to succeed, it is just as easy to think big as it is to think in small and limited ways. It is just as easy to plow a thousand acres with a tractor as it used to be to plow a ten-acre lot with a horse. And it takes no more time.

Politics Don't Matter

Political boundaries and political opinions don't really make much difference. It is the economic condition which really forces change and compels progress.

I have been asked several times whether I believe that the large cities will continue to grow and drain the country of its small town population, or whether the reverse will be true. Well, I think we shall continue to have large cities and small towns. Each has its advantage, each has its reason for being. There are disadvantages in both, but the good in each will survive. The father and mother of to-day, who are not content with the conditions under which they are living, will not be willing to have their children grow up in the same environment. They will try to change it and thus will come about many movements which will be good for both the city and the country.

Our new forms of transportation are making it easy for people

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to get out to see other localities, to become familiar with the kind of country in which they wish to settle. Such an interchange of social contacts, such a broadening of all peoples' geographical horizons will ultimately bring about a redistribution in which each person will naturally gravitate to that part of the country in which he is best satisfied to live. The automobile has done for this country what the airplane and radio may do for the world. A wider circulation of right ideas always breaks down prejudices and helps secure universal understanding.

This, then, suggests a solution of the problem of world peace. A peaceful nation is one that has the means to make war and refrains. Until the means are present, disposition toward their misuse cannot be fully known. In the present world the believers in peace confront the advocates of war and, fortunately, the former are better armed. Their power for peace seems to be in proportion to their power to enforce it.

It sometimes seems that the course of history has been an effort to produce the invincible warrior and through him to dominate the world for peace. The nation must be capable of making war and refrain before its natural peaceableness can be known. Some nations, very great ones, are to-day physically unable to make war. Maybe they will continue peaceable even when they become capable of this dread ability, but we also know that there are nations able to make war who believe in peace. What the peace-loving forces of the world are facing is the war-loving forces. If that fact could be realized much waste motion would be saved.

It is interesting to study international methods of education. The educational processes differ according to the goal in view. Many of the old civilizations educate their upper classes for a condition of economic freedom and vegetative leisure, while their lower classes are held in industrial slavery. In fact, it is by the use of leisure that we may judge the characteristics of a people. There was a time when leisure was regarded as lost time. Particularly in industry, the creation of leisure time was supposed to be impractical and wasteful. It was said that working men had not been trained how to make the most of it and that a reduction of daily working hours would result in greater poverty and dissipation.

We, in America, have changed our thoughts in this regard very much during the last few years. We have come to see that leisure is not waste time, that even from a cold business point of view it

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pays dividends in greater profits, better health, and a better product. Furthermore, it has been discovered that the workingman very soon finds a desirable and healthy way to use his leisure time to his own personal advancement and for the greater happiness of his family. The second generation is never at a mental loss to improve their time. It has been our experience that even those who come from countries where long, hard-working hours were the rule are soon found using their leisure hours in a useful manner.

Man needs leisure to think, and the world needs thinkers. One of the hardest things in the industrial world to-day is to find enough men who are capable of thinking a problem through, executives who can do the whole job without further supervision or additional prompting. Americans of every class have more spare time than the people of any other nation in the world. But leisure is by no means secure so long as it is regarded as a privilege forced by the demands of the class. It is not secure so long as industry regards it as lost time. There is a law which definitely relates leisure to economic well-being. We are learning to use that law to the betterment of our business, the improvement of our people, and the increased welfare of our country.

Mr. Ford began his series of FORUM *interviews in practical philosophy in the March number. They will be continued in subsequent issues.*

WHEN THE CITY SLEEPS

HOW quietly they lie — the lights blurred out,
The city's pompous brilliance dimmed before
Day's lustre as she climbs her gray redoubt —
These sleepers, greedy for one hour more
Of dreams, or, better still, oblivion
Ere they must join again the sweating crowd,
Coördinate and firm, the bastion
Against the canker of time disallowed.

Musing, detached, I watch the sleeping town,
A monster gorged yet subtly beautiful,
Its crenelated skyline like a crown
Vesting authority for gay misrule.
So still, the unchallenged torpor might be death
But for the hum of traffic's bateless breath.

— *Virginia McCormick*

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SPRINGTIME

BY ZONA GALE

Block Prints by Lowell L. Balcom

THE first year after Jan and Rufa came overseas to Chicago everything went well. Two dollars a day — that was like Paradise. A little house with two rooms to themselves and two to rent! A vine over the door. A tree down the block. The railway track ran close, the trains roared by all day, Rufa's curtains had to be washed more than was good for them, and all the summer day the sun beat on the low kitchen where she worked. Nevertheless, it was a little like Paradise. It must be so. Besides, in another year the oldest child would go to school and for this there would be nothing to pay.

"*Freiheit!*" Jan would say when he threw his week's earnings into Rufa's lap. "Freedom!"

And when, at night, the four went out to the motion picture house, and on the crossing passed a policeman who never so much as looked at one and with whom one had never registered in one's life, nor with any of his kind, Rufa would pass him, sidling, and then would look up at Jan and say with her fine smile:

"Freiheit!"

Then came 1913, autumn. With no warning Jan's factory closed down. For a while the older men were kept on half time, but the salesmen were bidden try for no more orders "at the present time"; and the younger men were let go at the beginning. There was said to be a desk piled with orders sufficient to keep

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the factory running on full time for a year, but no one could prove anything.

Jan laughed. ' Me," he said, "I earn my two dollars a day at any factory."

It seemed strange, but there were no factories where he was wanted. There was suddenly no place at all where he was wanted. For hours he stood in line before the employment agencies. Hundreds were there before him. He went home and talked of it with Rufa. What was the meaning of this?

The savings slipped away. Three months of anxiety and then the last of that store went for medicine and the doctor, and another child was born. The family was living on the money paid by the two lodgers — and one of these lodgers was out of work. The other, Bart, the teamster, was kind. He even brought little gifts of meat and tea to Rufa.

One night the two brothers who lived down the block by the tree called to Jan as he was passing. Three other men were inside the house and the curtain was down and the door was shut. Jan knew these men — they, too, were out of work. But they had found something to do. They explained it to him, but it was hard to understand all. Only, they had found a way to make money. And they would share with him. But he must help them.

He listened, and before him the picture of Rufa in her hot room. Freight cars — yes, he understood. Goods . . . yes? One took away some of these and sold them. Tony Delano, down the water front, saw to that part. He it was also who delivered the money. It was very simple. They would share with Jan. They would go again that night.

"But," said Jan, "I cannot understand. These goods — whose are they?"

Oh that, they said, no one knew.

But how could one sell them?

Well, this great railroad, with all its cars and all its goods — who would ever notice? It was very simple. Already they had divided twelve dollars only that week.

"But," said Jan, "I cannot understand. How can this be right?"

Of course he did not understand. He must trust them. It was all right. In this country one could do these things . . . one had the chance.

A great light broke upon Jan.

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"Freiheit!" he exclaimed.

Sure, they said. Freiheit. Here all things were different. There was so much of everything. No one paid attention. It was all right. He would go? That night?

Jan thought. It was true that here all things were different. Had he ever once registered with the police, since his coming? Schools were free, books were free, they gave away little mirrors at the motion picture show. As for this new way with the freight cars, these men who had been in America longer than he, they must understand. Yes, he would go.

It was unbelievably easy. The dark yard by the warehouse. One of their number to walk down the track with the watchman and hold him in talk and give him tobacco. The others to enter the car and throw out a half dozen rolls of the goods, pulled from their burlap casings. Then Jan stood below with a cart in which he had a little kindling — enough to hide the rolls. These they drew boldly down to Tony Delano's, on the water front. Tony rubbed his hands when he saw. It was as he had hoped — the silk train, with the silk of Japan.

And the next day! Eighteen dollars to be shared by the three, Tony told them.

Jan ran to Rufa with the money.

"This great land," he said. "There is always a way, it seems. See, Rufa!"

She listened with puckered brow while he told her.

"I cannot see," she kept repeating. "These goods — how can you have them for yours?"

"You do not understand!" he cried. "Nor me. But those men — they are fine fellows. They would work if they could.

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But there is no work to do, so they have thought of this. This, I tell you, is Freiheit. Do you imagine that we would know everything, everything about that all at once?"

She looked at him in troubled silence, her hand fondling the head of the child. Then Bart, the teamster, came in with a little meat and a loaf. Jan made a stew and invited Bart to stay, and they ate, there in the room with Rufa. But Jan shook his head at her. She was to say nothing, it seemed, of this new way of the Freiheit.

On the third visit to the yards, the men were observed. The others slipped under the car and were gone. Jan, not understanding why he should run, and having besides his little son's cart, which he was unwilling to leave, stood still. He tried to explain everything.

"There was so much," he said. "We took only a little. No one would notice. This great railroad, with all its cars and all its goods! The men will come back and tell you so."

They laughed and took him to the station.

"My little boy's cart — it is his cart!" he cried.

They laughed and obliged him to leave it there.

At the station he explained again.

"There was so much — and everything is so free. We thought no one would mind. They give you school books and little mirrors. . . ."

They locked him up. In due course they tried him. He would tell no one's name. When they let him speak he said:

"I work at two dollars, as a car builder. But there was no work. I do not know why. We used up what we have. There are two little folks. Then the baby, that came. There was so much to pay. They showed me how to earn this money. There were so many freight cars and so much was in them. And everything is so free — schools and books are free. Everything was different from old country. This is Freiheit."

Three years in the penitentiary.

They let Rufa come to say good-by. The two were so dazed that they said nothing that mattered, nothing of what her plans would be. He stared at the baby and said how it had grown. They looked in each other's eyes with the incredible truth between them. Three years . . . three years.

She went back to the little house and sat in her kitchen, sobbing. When Bart, the teamster, heard her enter, he ran eagerly

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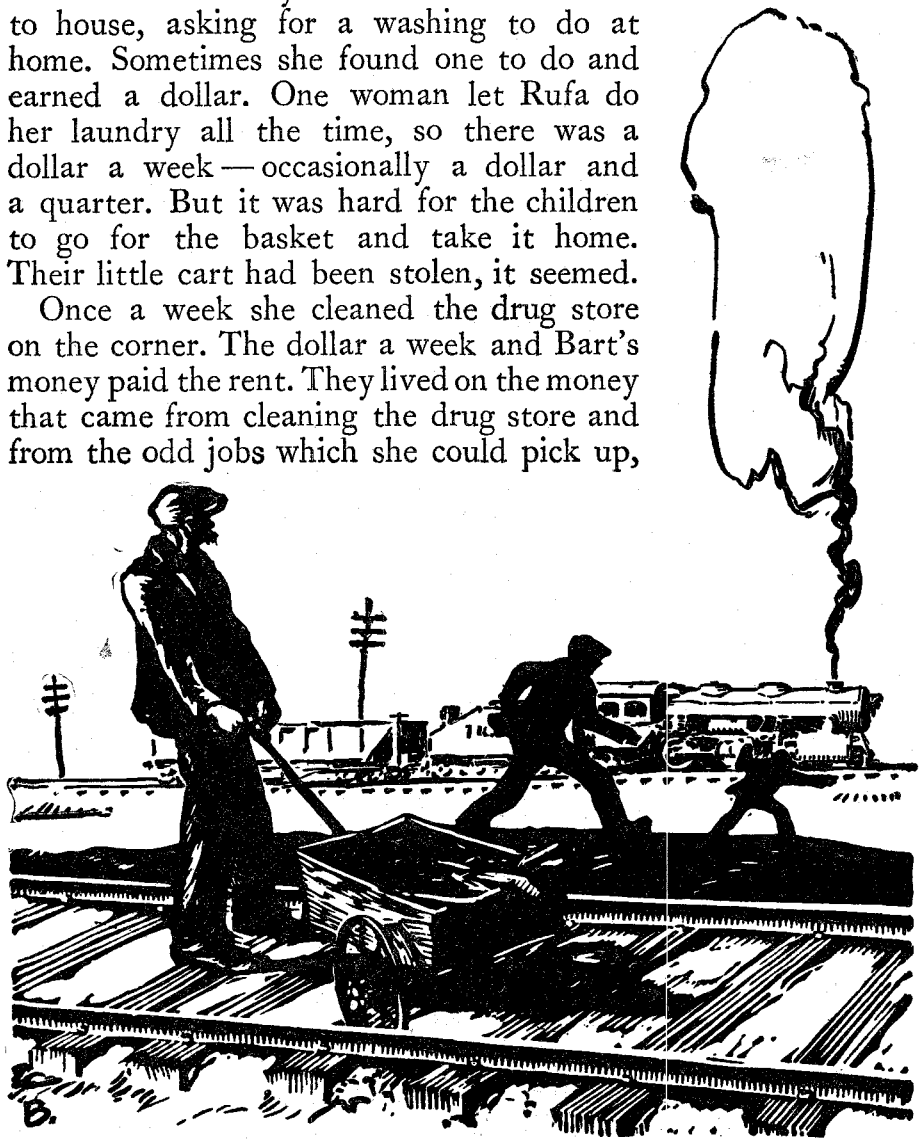
from his room. Well? What, three years? He stood looking at her and slightly smiling. She was weeping for Jan, and she did not see.

Bart, the teamster, was very good to her. The other lodger, unable at last to pay his rent, moved away and was lost. Bart raised his own rent and promised to look for another lodger. This lodger he never found.

Four mouths to feed. The four to clothe. Rufa did her best. She took her baby and went from house to house, asking for a washing to do at home. Sometimes she found one to do and earned a dollar. One woman let Rufa do her laundry all the time, so there was a dollar a week — occasionally a dollar and a quarter. But it was hard for the children to go for the basket and take it home. Their little cart had been stolen, it seemed.

Once a week she cleaned the drug store on the corner. The dollar a week and Bart's money paid the rent. They lived on the money that came from cleaning the drug store and from the odd jobs which she could pick up,



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and still be at home to nurse the baby. There might have been work to do farther away from home, but there was the baby to nurse. And no one would let her bring her baby.

So at last she began to listen to hear whether the step of Bart, the teamster, would go by her door as he came home, or whether he would knock. When he came, he always brought a bit of meat or a loaf and a little butter or tea.

Winter; and there were shoes to buy. She had saved almost enough for a pair for the boy when the baby fell ill. The doctor took the money for the shoes — though he knew nothing of that. The same day the boy and girl went for the laundry, the boy's feet wrapped round with rags to keep the soles in place. They came back without the bundle. The lady had moved away. The house was empty.

Rufa was weeping when Bart came home that night. When he touched her, she hardly noticed. What should she do? She told him everything.

"Rufa!" he cried. "Take me in here with you. I will pay everything. Every cent of my week shall be yours, for you and them."

She sprang away from him.

"Jan! Jan!" she cried terribly.

Bart sighed. Yes — but three years. Three years. What would she do for those three years? The first winter was not yet done. Besides — Bart had caught something of Jan's talk — she must remember that in this country everything was different. These things were not thought of in the same way, perhaps. Here was Freiheit.

She cried out and ran from the room. She would have none of that. She stayed away until Bart had gone. She gathered up the meat that he had brought and the bread, and told the boy to take these to Bart's room. The child burst into sobbing.

"He went away. He went away. I am hungry! I am hungry!"

She cooked the meat and broke the loaf.

For three days Bart did not come in her rooms. The third day she gave the children what remained and herself ate nothing. She went out to look for work and fainted in the snow. A woman took her in and gave her cold black coffee. But this woman herself had no work, and neither had her son. Rufa went home. She must move, then. She must find one room for everything and not try to keep a home for the children and to wait for Jan. She had waited, hoping to have that other lodger whose rent, with Bart's

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rent, would pay her own. That lodger had never been found. To advertise for a lodger would mean to pay. But if she moved? She must still pay her month's rent due, and a month in advance at the new place; and with what should she pay to carry there her things?

On her kitchen table lay Bart's money for his room. She took it and closed her eyes and bought food. What of her rent now?

When the food was gone and rent day had come, she put the children to bed one night and herself sat listening until Bart came home. Then she dragged herself along the hall, stood leaning against his door, and knocked. . . .

The Children's Home Society was appealed to a year later to find a home for a baby. They went to Rufa's house and questioned her. She told them everything. Her husband was in the penitentiary. The baby's father was a teamster — she did not know where he was. He was tired of supporting so many. If they would take this baby, she would try to find work.

The district office took up the "case," went over the records, learned about Jan. It was found that he had been put to work on the state roads. None of his earnings had come to his family. They questioned Rufa. She told the story of Jan and his Freiheit. There was somebody who understood. Lesser wheels, then great wheels revolved. Jan was pardoned.

He came home on a March night. He ran crazily from the street car to the little house that he remembered. Rufa was there. She had made herself as pretty as she could. She had ready some supper. When the door opened she ran to him with a cry that was infinite weariness, rest.

"My Jan! My Jan!"

He held her, speechless. His short hair was grayed. There was gray in her hair. They remembered well how to cry.

Supper — and the three children in their best, staring at this new father. He ate wolfishly, and she ate not at all. He told her of his cell, his work, and his guard; and she wept. She ran to him, knelt beside him. He ate and talked, his arm about her.

In the cradle back of the stove, Bart's baby cried.

Rufa, quite white, went quietly and lifted the child.

"Nu! A little baby — a loving little lad, then!" cried Jan. "Whose is the baby?"

She turned and faced Jan, with the child in her arms.

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"Jan! All that there was to do, I done that first. I swear it. When we were starving, then I thought of that. It is so that I have kept us alive."

He rose, and he was another Jan.

"Oh, Rufa. Oh, God!" he shouted, and he beat her back with both his hands.

Jan stayed on in the house. He worked here and there, earning what he could before they found out his history and sent him away. He had come home a changed being. In the first month of trying to find a way to work, he changed again. What was the reason that words said so little? Would no one ever understand? His soul was honest — would no one pay attention to that soul?

He found other lodgers for the two rooms. He tramped all day looking for work. His evenings he spent away from the house. He slept in the cold "other" room. Rufa with her children lived in the kitchen.

"When that brat goes," he said, "we shall see. But I will not breathe the same air."

The operations of mercy were slow, but at last a home was found for Bart's baby. On the day that she had the news that the papers might be signed for the release of the child, Rufa waited up for Jan. Then she told him.

"Jan, if we go to-morrow night, we can sign. And they will take away — that baby."

"What have I to do with this?" he cried.

She did not know. It seemed that he, too, must sign. The lady had said so. When he refused, she merely sat with closed eyes.

"I have borne much, Jan," she said at last. "And I like for your sake to get the baby away. It cannot be, it seems, unless you sign."

At last he consented. She brought the baby and met him after work next day, and they went together to the office where some one had agreed to wait for them with a notary.

They made ready the paper. Rufa, who could write a little, set her name where they told her. Jan took the pen and read, his brow knitting.

"What is this?" he shouted. "I — the father of this child? Lies, lies!"

They tried to tell him. Technically, according to the law, he was regarded as father of this child. No papers of adoption could

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be issued without his signature. He rose and threw down the pen.

"That paper I shall never sign," he said. "It is a lie."

He left the room. Rufa, weeping, lifted the baby and followed him. They rode home, and all the way they did not speak. At home he ate nothing, and this more than all else terrified her. That evening he sat there in the kitchen, staring at her and at the child, and without speaking.

At last he rose, stretched his hands above his head and laughed terribly.

"Freiheit!" he said — that one word. Then he went out of the house. Far in the night Rufa listened for him to come home. When he went through the kitchen where she and the children slept, he stumbled, swayed against the table, and set the dishes clattering.

She understood. "Now this!" she thought. "Now this. Now I die."

There was yet one more issue. The child, as if it understood its life, slipped out of life in a few hours' illness. It was winter, and that cold "other" room belonged always to Jan. The little coffin was set in the kitchen. For two nights Rufa and the two children slept beside it. For a day she and the children lived in the room with the cheap little box. Rufa's neighbors came in for the funeral. No one went to the cemetery — the hearse was all that Rufa dared afford. At the gate in the snow, she watched it away and wept.

Through that time Jan did not enter the house. Nor, on his return, did he refer to what had happened. He rarely spoke at all.

May came, and a perfume which was of the air and of no mortal flowers drifted sometimes into the street where Rufa lived. Daily she walked to the tree down the block, watched the buds swell and become little pennons. And, too, she knew that it was spring because when an occasional motor passed through the main street of their district, the ladies sometimes had daffodils, or carried home a blossoming bough.

One day the two children came home with news: a picnic of the Sunday School, on Memorial Day. There would be nothing to pay, nothing to take, a free ride and lemonade for all.

Rufa began planning what her children could wear. Jan at last was earning a little money with a man to whom he had gone straight with the story of what he had done. So that part was

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better. As she sewed to remake a garment for the little girl, that nameless perfume crept in her veins. A picnic. When had she known such a thing? Not since she and Jan had been bespoken and had walked in the fields across the sea. When had Jan seen the country? Not since he had worked with the prison gang on the roads.

The day before Memorial Day Rufa was busy. She baked certain things as best she could remember them: little half moon cakes, hard cookies, a pastry filled with cream, a meat tart. And for these things she bought the materials with the little money which she had begun to save in the bottom of the clock, the money that by and by was to have bought her a hat to replace her kerchief. Rufa had never owned a hat.

When Jan came home she trembled and dared not look at him. If he were not himself! And so many nights before he had begun to work, Jan had come home not himself. But he entered quietly, without looking at her, ate without speaking, only always he sighed and sat staring at the wall.

When he had eaten, she spoke.

"Jan — "

There was no reply.

"Jan, will you look? Will you come here and look?"

On a board at the window she had ranged all that she had made.

"Like home," she said. "They cost so much I try never to make them. Now I have made them all."

Jan looked.

"Home!" he said harshly. "Yes, home."

"Jan," she said again.

He stood there. She did not touch him, but she broke into breathless speech.

"Jan! To-morrow the children go to that holiday — the Memorial. All — *all* the children will be gone away. Jan! You and I! What if we took these things to eat and went into the fields?"

"The fields," he said over stupidly.

"We need not talk," she pressed on. "I would keep still, Jan — no one need say anything. But we would go there — like home."

The terrible thing was to see him wooden, dead, like no man at all.

"Why not?" he said, and sighed. "It is all the same. Why not?"

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Rufa could not sleep for joy. In the morning she sent the eager children away on their holiday. Her heart leaped, for Jan was shaving as for Sunday. She put on her blue skirt and folded her scarlet kerchief on her hair. The good things were ready in a basket. They were off.

There was a little ride on the train which ran near their door. Rufa had not been in a train since their one journey to Chicago. But Jan had had his trip to and from the prison. So he was quite at home on the train and took a clumsy care of her. Suddenly, as a magic of cities, the way yielded up a grove, a distant glimpse of water.

There had been no need for Rufa's offer not to talk. She was speechless with joy. She went up the warm road as up a ray of light. Jan was looking gravely about him, and this was much. For so long he had only stared at the wall.

The road which no one questioned their right to take. The meadow which was theirs to see for the turning of the head. A thousand birds which sang to them as if they — Jan and Rufa — were as good as anyone else. Flowers — it was two hours before it came to Rufa that she might pick one. Jan spoke only once. A tanager flashed by, burned scarlet on a fence post, was gone.

"Look, look!" cried Jan, and stood, lips parted, staring into the blue.

Rufa had seen, but, too, she had seen Jan. The fields blurred and went softly out, then came swimming back in silver. This was the old Jan. She hurried so that he might not see her tears.

But the best came as they walked in the little grove. It closed them in, it let them out. It cut off sounds, bred sounds of its own. Right across their path ran a gray squirrel, halted, sat erect with paws crossed, bright-eyed and waiting. That time Jan caught at her arm to keep her back. They stood, looking at the little thing. It was off, with a flirt of its whole being. That time Jan looked at Rufa and beyond her, and smiled.

Fresh breath from the lake, the smell of wild grapevine, the green to tread. At noon they had not ceased to walk. At noon they were steeped in something that was air, and that was not air. They did not talk. But it was as if everything, nevertheless, were being said.

They climbed a fence, crossed a pasture, sat on a hilltop under an oak. Jan had filled their pail. Rufa spread what they had. They ate like happy children.

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"Cardamom seeds!" cried Jan, when they tasted the hard cookies.

"I thought of them," she told him. And after a moment: "Always my grandmother had them in her apron pockets."

"We ate them in school," said Jan. "The schoolmaster took them away from us. He was a kind man, though — and very tall. They used to say he wore ferns in his shoes."

Jan's eyes were looking back for twenty years.

They put away the basket and leaned against the tree. The land sloped, gracious, open; rose to a border of hills; dissolved to gray. Strong sun lay in the near pools, and smote the leaves to another way of being. On these leaves there danced shadows of leaves, as if there were secret trees within the leaves. There was the lake, and within it flowed the sky. Both were fluid, and so was the sunlight. At any moment one might be dissolving into these things, with no surprise to them or to one's self.

Jan's hand moved. A sail on the lake, a sail startled, flying, most certainly rejoicing. Surely a *live* sail. They watched it round the bend where trees took it. When they looked away from the blue, their eyes were met by the meadow sunken in other and deeper gold. They were dazzled.

And all the while the silence that they were keeping wove about them its web. Ordinarily Jan and Rufa would have known nothing of the spell of silence. Now it lay about them its ministry and they two were within.

A lift and fall of notes swept down to them. The small body was on a bough above their heads, a bluebird trembling with spring. They watched. Its unconsciousness moved them. The bird seemed to be its song. When it flew away, it left them in some net.

"It was like the laugh of a little child," Jan said.

Rufa lifted her head, drew a breath deep.

"The sky," she said, "it is the color of the Virgin's robe. And nobody's roof gets in the way.

Jan lay on the grass and looked.

"Rufa," he said, forgetting that it had been long since he had called her by that name, "nobody in the world could see more of this at once than us. The owner of the factory — he could not see more himself!"

No, Rufa agreed. Not even he.

He lay still and thought.

"Rufa," he said, "this is everybody's."

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Yes, she answered. It was everybody's.

"Freiheit," he said. Suddenly Jan lay with his face in the grass and wept. She sat, rocking a little, her eyes filled with pain.

"This is how I thought we would live," he said. "And see us — see us. Me a jailbird. And you. . . ."

"Me, I am yours," she said steadily, "as you are mine. The jail, that makes no difference to me. You thought you did best."

He said nothing. This, she thought, must have been the way he lay, loose, broken, in his cell at night. And once he had been as he had been to-day, with the birds.

From the strong gold of the sun, from the fluid blue of lake and sky, knowledge came to her.

"Jan!" she cried. "There is more in this world than we know about."

He looked up at her.

"Ah, God," he said, "that may be it."

His sigh shook him.

"Poor Jan," he said. "Poor Jan." And after a moment, "Poor Rufa," and laid his head against her arm.

At dusk, when the meadow had become another place and the sky another place, they walked back to the station. To their faces had come again something of the look that had been there as their boat sailed up New York bay.

"Jan," said Rufa, "when can we come again?"

"Next spring!" he promised. "No, we must not miss! Next spring we have another such a day."

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ARE WE VICTIMS OF BRITISH PROPAGANDA?

I—PATRIOTS AND PROPAGANDISTS

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON

Mayor of Chicago

ARE we victims of British propaganda? Last fall I was invited to enter a FORUM debate on the affirmative side of the question. My answer now, as it would have been then, is: "We are." I might have debated the question last fall, because the Chicago school board trial then was young and the eyes of the general public had not then been fully opened to this situation. Now, however, I cannot conceive of room or reason for serious debate on this question. By scores of witnesses, including some of the best minds in America, by the introduction in evidence of many partisan histories, by quotations and references, the school board attorneys have shown that school histories have been perverted and distorted and padded with foreign propaganda.

We are the victims of British propaganda, here in Chicago and generally throughout all America, in school and library teaching courses and through other agencies.

If there remain any doubting Thomases of importance, let them read the record of that trial—let them follow the tainted trail through the children's histories as pointed out by expert witnesses. The testimony of some of the more important witnesses is now in pamphlet form, and these booklets may be had for the asking. All the important testimony will be printed shortly.

It is time now to turn to a discussion of three aspects of the question:

the *source* of the propaganda,
the *extent* of the propaganda, and
the *purpose* of the propaganda.

I would classify the propagandists as follows: American society snobs who would kiss the hem of royalty; international bankers who would make stupendous profits by the cancellation of the billions in foreign debts owed America and have these debt obligations foisted upon the American people to be met through

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an added burden of taxation; a small percentage of our British-born citizens who desire and, in instances, openly advocate, an alliance or union between the United States and Great Britain, with England the dominant factor; deluded but well-meaning persons who, sincerely seeking and desiring world peace, become in instances pliant tools and agents for unscrupulous foreign propagandists; British lecturers and authors, and college professors who play for the plaudits of England rather than for their own country.

These propagandists work as individuals but more generally and more effectively as members of Leagues, Foundations, Associations, Alliances, and so forth. Frederick Bausman, former supreme court judge of the state of Washington, who was one of the distinguished witnesses in the recent trial, makes the classification in these words:

> There are four kinds of pro-British propagandists among us. First, there are those Americans who hope or have bargained for compensation should the British debt be cancelled; second, the social sycophants; third, what may be called the National Sacrifice Association, made up of well-meaning and ill-informed persons herded and inflamed by the clamors and intrigues, and sometimes by the money, of the other two classes; fourth, the exceedingly numerous British-born element among us, who are upon the whole excellent citizens, but who, exercising a very considerable social and financial influence, naturally feel no more alarm at British gains, either military or financial, at our expense than most of us would feel at American encroachments should we become immigrants in Australia.

Propagandists and propaganda organizations are linked closely in instances to the publishers, professors, and school superintendents who prepare and approve the school histories for our children.

Some of these organizations also share in the $200,000,000 fund of Carnegie who declared his fondest dream was of the Re-United State — the British-American Union.

Carnegie never disguised his motives. He announced his purpose in his *Triumphant Democracy* in 1893 (p. 549) as follows:

> Time may dispel many pleasing illusions and destroy many noble dreams, but it shall never shake my belief that the wound caused by the wholly unlooked-for and undesired separation of the mother from her child is not to bleed forever. Let men say what they will, therefore, I say that as surely as the sun in the heavens once shone upon Britain and America united, so surely is it one morning to rise, shine upon, and greet again the reunited state, "The British-American Union."

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Carnegie is dead, but the power of his money, made in America, goes forward. We have the Carnegie Libraries, Foundation for Advancement of Teaching, Division of Intercourse and Education, Aid for Vocational Education, Association for International Conciliation, and the Carnegie Pension Fund for professors. The Church Peace Union*, I am informed, has a $2,000,000 Carnegie fund, part of the interest of which is used "to pay the expenses of English and American ministers of note to cross and recross the Atlantic, to occupy famous pulpits, to speak before ministers' meetings and to receive honorary literary degrees at universities." The idea is thus to utilize preachers and pulpits to develop "the international mind." And the propagandists invariably regard "the British mind" as the true "international mind."

Nor has there ever been any secret about the underlying purpose in the Rhodes Scholarships. In Basil Williams's life of Cecil Rhodes is shown the first draft of Rhodes's will, in which the following appears:

> Directed that a Secret Society should be endowed with the following objects: "The extension of British rule throughout the world. . . the colonization by British subjects of all lands where the means of livelihood are attainable by energy, labor and enterprise, and especially the occupation by British settlers of the entire continent of Africa, the Holy Land, the Valley of the Euphrates, the islands of Cyprus and Candia, the whole of South America, the islands of the Pacific not heretofore possessed by Great Britain, the whole of the Malay Archipelago, the sea-board of China and Japan, the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire."

Under the ingenious Rhodes Scholarship scheme, the best of our young men, selected from the colleges of all the states, the "qualities of leadership" being among the first specified requirements, are taken over and placed in Oxford University for three years, with allowance of £350 English money a year, and are then returned to us, usually as thoroughly Anglicized advocates of British-American union. This species of youth is exemplified by a reporter, a Chicago-born boy of a truly American family and an erstwhile personal friend of mine, who made application for a Rhodes scholarship, who has taken a course in recent years in England, and who, I am told, has secured an advancement in salary from a London paper because he writes for it misrepresentations about Chicago's mayor.

* NOTE: The Editor of THE FORUM is a Trustee of the Church Peace Union.

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There is a Rhodes Scholars' Alumni Association of America, which has been openly active in defense of the Anglicized school histories.

Sir Gilbert Parker, in an article in *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1918, openly outlines some of his methods of "putting it over" on the American people.

"Practically since the day the war broke out between England and the Central Powers I became responsible for American publicity," Parker says. The propaganda that Parker boasts he was putting over was manifold: that the Revolution was a contest between George III, a German, on one side, and the English people and American colonists on the other; that "many Americans regret the War of 1812 as most Britishers regret the acts of George III"; that "the greatest enemy of American development was Napoleon"; but Great Britain saved us from conquest by him; that it was the British Foreign Minister, Canning, who gave us the Monroe Doctrine and made it an accepted fact; that "the British Navy, and behind it the British Government, has been the best friend that the United States ever had in its history."

All this was effective, Parker says, in universities, colleges, historical societies, clubs, and newspapers.

"Among the activities," Sir Gilbert adds, "was a weekly report to the British cabinet on the state of American opinion, and constant touch with the permanent correspondents of American newspapers in England. . . . Among other things, we supplied three hundred and sixty newspapers in the smaller States of the United States with an English newspaper. . . . It is hardly necessary to say that the work was one of extreme difficulty and delicacy."

All this was war-time propaganda, of course; but the War ended, and what resulted? Why, these inventions of a skillful fictionist proved to have been far more effective in the universities, colleges, historical societies, teachers' associations, clubs, and newspapers than their inspirer himself could reasonably have hoped.

One thing which definitely resulted was that, following the close of the War, there promptly appeared a half-score of American school histories and readers, patterned after the Parker formula. Some of this species we are now eliminating from the Chicago schools.

Some of the output of the elaborate and well-oiled British

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propaganda machine, established in our country during the World War by Sir Gilbert Parker and the late Lord Northcliffe, still flows through newspaper syndicates, magazines, pulpits, and lecture platforms.

The English-Speaking Union has among its members British and pro-British advocates of what its name connotes — Anglo-American union. It is an international association of British and pro-British enthusiasts, the object of which is not only better relations but also to foster pro-British sentiment throughout the United States.

The English-Speaking Union issues to its members a magazine, *The Landmark*, published in London, which has been vigorously defending the Anglicized school histories and has bitterly attacked the patriotic movement to restore unadulterated American history to our public schools.

One enthusiastic promoter of this organization in this country is Major George Haven Putnam, New York publisher, who at the meeting in which it was born in London, July 4, 1918, declared:

> I want to see not the Declaration of Independence, but a Declaration of Interdependence — an acknowledgment that the two peoples belong together.

And Putnam added, for the further comfort of his pro-British compatriots:

> Textbooks are now being prepared which will present a juster account (in the United States) of the events of 1775–1783, 1812–1815, and 1861–1865.

The Sulgrave Institute, headquartered in England, is another "hands-across-the-sea" organization composed of British and pro-British. The Sulgrave big idea is founded upon the realization that George Washington has loomed too large throughout the world ever to be belittled, and so must be claimed as an Englishman, who established in this western world English freedom. Like designs are working regarding Lincoln, for whom there is now being provided an English lineage and an English ancestral home, as another shrine where expatriate Americans may bend the sycophantic knee in foolish worship of supposed English influences that are said to have freed our slaves and saved our Union.

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Another organization, the Magna Charta Day Association advocates our national observance of June 15 — "Interdependence Day" — as the natal day of free government:

> Magna Charta is the great outstanding event in the history of World Liberty. It is important to have in mind the essential and actual solidarity of the seven nations — the United States and the six other nations of the British Union — Great Britain and Ireland, Newfoundland, Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.

Although the masses in America did not know that the histories for their children were being rewritten and distorted by un-American hands, they knew it in England. Prime Minister Baldwin knew it and proclaimed it February 22, 1927, at the opening of Dartmouth House in London, the new quarters of the English-Speaking Union, saying:

> I think there was a great tendency in the early days of historical writings in America to dwell so much on the fact that Washington himself was incapable of stating a fact incorrectly; (*Laughter*) that historians were less careful to state their facts correctly; and I think that that, without any hint from this side, is being corrected, has been corrected and will be absolutely corrected by American historians themselves.

Doubtless he spoke from a more intimate acquaintance with certain "American" historians than some of us have enjoyed; because the English government spent so much money on liquor and food and other items of entertainment in honor of certain visiting "American" historians, who had started the disparagement of our national heroes, that there was a protest from members of Parliament against the extravagant use of public funds. (Records of British Parliament of July 21, 1921)

The American Library Association evidently has fallen under the influence of foreign propagandists, particularly during the recent presidency of George Locke, Toronto, Canada, who during the World War was head of the Canadian propaganda department. Judge Bausman found in Seattle British propaganda of the rankest sort in a reading course which the American Library Association was circulating through the Seattle and other public libraries. I found the same offensive reading course pamphlets in the Chicago public library months later. This is not the case of Chicago alone; what obtains in Chicago exists generally throughout the country. It is the case of American patriots everywhere against those who would defile our patriotic shrines, assail

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American institutions and ideals, and destroy the patriotic soul of the nation.

It is a cause for all who love Old Glory and revere the memories of the founders of the nation.

My stand is essentially an American one. I am not attacking any nation. As the chief executive of a great American city, I am carrying out my oath of office and my pledges to the people, in defending our history, our institutions, our national heroes. I insist that the solemn obligation rests with those in whom the people have reposed power, to insist that American history, written by Americans, from the American viewpoint, be taught the children in the American public schools. It was so when we were in school; it was so in the days of our fathers.

To be pro-British, to be pro-any-other-nation, is to start along the road against which George Washington warned us. George Washington and the twenty-six presidents who followed him enunciated the doctrine of "friendly relations with all Nations; entangling alliances with none."

It is not in the interest of American unity and development to teach that our country is chiefly indebted for its ideals and institutions to one country alone, and such teachings are false.

As I said in the letter which I wrote recently to the Chicago Library Board:

> In truth, our national greatness was achieved, not by one, but by many nationalities, and the present surpassing position of our country is due to the fact that here in America we have brought to the national surface the best in ideas and ideals of all nationalities and the mingling of many strains has produced the highest type of civilization and the highest level of attainments in the world's history.

All nationalities are entitled to a place in the sun, and our national heroes are the stars in the firmament of our patriotism.

A propaganda has been launched which has for its purpose the hauling down of Old Glory and the hoisting in its stead at the American masthead the British union jack. I invite all true Americans to join with me to keep our flag where it is.

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II — PROPAGANDA FOR PEACE

P. W. Wilson

Former Member of Parliament

WITHIN the lifetime of many men still active, there has been built on the shores of Lake Michigan a city, fairly to be included among the wonders of the world. Equal in population to Paris, and surpassed alone by London and New York, this great city, now adorned by noble edifices and splendid approaches, has become the third metropolis on this planet. He who has the proud privilege to be Mayor of Chicago, elected to that high office by the free suffrages of his fellow citizens, becomes for the time being a personage of international significance.

Hence, it is a matter not to be lightly dismissed, when the Mayor of Chicago, speaking *ex cathedra* and with a full sense of his heavy responsibilities, utters a warning to the United States that the sovereignty of the Republic is drifting into a danger of dissolution. He has discovered an insidious propaganda which he does not doubt is directed against the safety of this nation. Its object is to persuade Americans that the Fathers of the Republic — George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and the rest — were misguided men, that the quarrel with England was a great misfortune, and that a reunion with England would be to the positive advantage of the United States.

The peril is all the more personal to the Mayor because it appears that Chicago has been selected by King George as the vulnerable spot where suitably he may land his forces. To keep King George out of Chicago — indeed, to turn him out — is thus the duty proclaimed by one who recently rode to Washington, and even rode back again, more quickly than ever Paul Revere rode to Lexington. It is thus at an outpost, exposed to the full force of the British invasion, that the Mayor lights the lantern in what, along the stock yards and in the wheat pit, corresponds to the steeple of a Boston church.

To be frank, if it be really true that King George has been managing Chicago, I don't quite see why there should be all this complaint. I should have thought that His Majesty as the "Autocrat of Michigan Avenue" had made rather a good job of it. It is

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not easy to discover any citizen of that "no mean city" who believes that, with its playgrounds for children, its picture gallery, and its museums, Chicago is a mistake. If King George did it, he did it as well as any man ever did anything in his life.

Personally, I agree with Mayor Thompson — as do most Canadians, Australians, and South Africans — in his contempt for the snobbery of some few citizens who, having made money through the equal opportunity offered by a great Republic, proceed to live their lives in Europe, where these sycophants of smart society at resorts like Deauville and Monte Carlo — neither of which paradises, by the way, are in Britain — spend their time, chasing the debilitated duke and the muddle-headed marquis. Frankly, I am not in the least surprised that the United States should regard the absentee millionaire as Ireland regarded the absentee landlord. But is the snob really a peril as a foreign propagandist? Let us suppose that the American colony, whether in London, Rome, Paris, Newport, or any other Old World resort, were to nominate some polo player with an eyeglass for President. What chance would there be of his election?

The argument of the snob is, of course, simple. He admits that, if the United States were subjugated by British propaganda, the President would be reduced to a mere Prime Minister like Pitt or Gladstone or Palmerston. But he reckons that there would be certain compensating advantages. The Senate would be transformed into a House of Lords and Mr. Borah, as the Earl of Idaho, would appear annually in scarlet and ermine. Chief Justice Taft would have to wear a wig and there is hardly a doubt that, on Mr. Henry Ford, as on Thomas Hardy, there would be conferred the Order of Merit. Indeed, the Mayor of Chicago himself would become a Lord Mayor. He would wear knee breeches, cut-steel buckles to his shoes, a jeweled sword, a cocked hat, a fur mantle, and a gold chain. Also, he would have to resign himself to the indignity of a title. Loaded with enameled fetters, he would be entertained at Buckingham Palace as the Right Hon. Sir William H. Thompson, Bart., M.P., Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Whatever Mayor Thompson may say against England, it is a simple fact that England knows a man and appreciates him at his true value.

As for certain organizations which are suspected of alienating America's national affections, it is quite true that the Pilgrims, whether in London or in New York, occasionally achieve a ten-

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course dinner and a five-course luncheon. It is also true that the English-speaking Union is expert with the knife and fork. But, to be fair to these societies, they are reciprocal in their activities. Admit that, in the United States, they are pro-British. In Great Britain, they are equally pro-American.

As a matter of fact, their influence, be it good or bad, is apt to be greatly exaggerated. A few hundred people of like mind meet and listen to speeches which tell them what they knew before. As a rule nothing is said that can ruffle the surface of complacent conviction. Any mayor knows the kind of mentality that we achieve after we have absorbed our soup, our fish, and half a dozen other dainty preludes to ultimate dyspepsia.

If, however, pro-British junketings are to be stopped, why should pro-Irish and pro-German and pro-Italian and pro-Greek junketings be encouraged? Surely, in a land of equality, there should be one rule for everybody. Doubtless there is a danger in the United States that people should consider their land of origin rather than their land of adoption. It seems a little strange that the United States should be the only country in the world where a citizen, marrying an alien, may not call her "citizen." If then all groups — British, German, Irish, and the rest — were obliterated, it might be a good thing in the long run.

It is true that there are certain enthusiasts whose desire it is to celebrate June 15th — when Magna Charta was signed — instead of the Fourth of July. My impression is that some millions of boys and girls, including typists with beaus and bobbed hair, however interested they may be in Magna Charta or any other freedom to exceed the speed limit which may have been won for them by the barons on Runnymede in the year of grace, 1215, will take good care not to give up one Independence Day until they are quite sure of getting another.

Moreover, there are surely two sides to this attempt to treat English things as if they had become American. We English had a little anthem called "God Save the King" which we sang to a tune that, in Shakespeare's day, had been popular as an Elizabethan fox trot. We certainly supposed that, after Saratoga and Yorktown, we should still retain our National Anthem. But what happened? "God Save our Gracious King" was translated into "My Country 'tis of Thee" and to-day we cannot sing our Anthem without extolling the United States. Even Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," which was supposed to be England, is now

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America, and Kipling's "Far-flung Battle Line" is chanted in churches to celebrate Nicaragua! To crown all — if it is permitted to mention the word crown — this genial appropriation of everything British by the United States is denounced afterward as British propaganda! If Americans do not like our Magna Charta and our National Anthems, why not hand them back? So with our Common Law and our Stars and Stripes which were originated — little as it is sometimes realized — in an institution called the College of Heralds, now to be found in Queen Victoria Street, London.

Over education, Mr. Thompson is particularly disturbed, as he has made known on several occasions. To begin with, he has discovered that schoolbooks are not what they were when he was a boy. In them, we find that King George III was less of a monster and that George Washington was less of a monument than we had supposed. In a word, both of them were human, created of the same flesh and blood as ourselves.

I wonder whether some of us always realize the extent to which, in Holy Writ itself, truth has triumphed over tradition. Abraham, the greatest of the patriarchs, is exposed as the most contemptible of liars; David, the greatest of the kings, is exposed as the most contemptible of adulterers; and St. Peter, as the greatest of the apostles, is exposed as the most contemptible of cowards. It is not about Americans alone that to-day there is truthtelling. On Queen Victoria, the searchlight is turned, and by command of her own grandson, King George V. Every great man and woman has to be tried by fire.

If college professors are to blame, it is not because they are animated especially by British sympathies. They are just as interested in the private life of Helen of Troy as they are in the private life of Benjamin Franklin. The real trouble is that some of them have lost faith in human nature as a whole. In every parson, they see an Elmer Gantry. They are like Trader Horn, whose mind could only conceive of a Livingston with a gun, shooting natives, and also with "a black wife." That kind of authorship is the real decadence that we have to fear.

As a matter of fact, some of the best books written about the United States have been British. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, and Drinkwater's drama, *Abraham Lincoln*, are cases in point. And as for history, I can only say that the first verse I ever learned was the poem by Mrs. Hemans on "The Pilgrim Fathers"; that at an

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early age, I read *Evangeline*, which is the most anti-British poem ever written; and that I was taught at school essentially the view of the Revolution of 1776 on which Mayor Thompson insists. All this was in a grammar school founded by King Edward VI and in a library largely derived from my great-grandfather's home under the very shadow of Windsor Castle.

Mayor Thompson's complaint is that due honor is not now paid to the Fathers of the Republic, including George Washington. So be it. But when England reverently preserves George Washington's ancestral home as a place of pilgrimage for Americans and, indeed, for all who wish to pay respect to an illustrious memory, it is counted as an insidious attempt to undo the work for mankind which George Washington achieved. To George Washington, I can imagine but one objection. As a man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was that person whom Mayor Thompson most deeply suspects — namely, a British-born citizen. And other British citizens were Thomas Jefferson and Nathan Hale, who regretted that he had only one life to give for his country. If he had had nine lives, he would still have owed them, every one, to a British father and a British mother.

That the United States is scourged with a plague of British authors and lecturers, cannot be denied. Precisely why this most hospitable of countries chooses to suffer in this way, I have never been able to discover. It is, I suppose, a form of penitential exercise in which merit of some kind is achieved by a process of flagellation. But the idea that these lecturers are Englishmen, out for conquest, is too ridiculous for words. On the contrary, they are usually Englishmen whom England has failed to conquer. Belloc and Chesterton are Catholics. But I hope that this is no disqualification for the platform. George Russell is Irish. Dean Inge is convinced that the British Empire is coming to grief, and Arthur Ponsonby tried to recognize Russia. However, one peril was averted. No one can say that Miss Maude Royden taught the ladies of Chicago how to smoke cigarettes. At least *that* was prevented.

The question whether England is appropriating the United States is not the only question. What about the United States' appropriating England? American movies, American golfers, American jazz, American tennis players, American airmen, American revues, American cotton — good heavens, when was there

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ever such an invasion of a poor little island, burdened by debt, on the part of a great, big, prosperous continent across the ocean? No wonder that, while the United States applies a quota to citizens, Great Britain applies it to celluloid. Indeed, even the British Court is not immune. At Buckingham Palace, if Americans had their way, there would be room for nobody else.

The fact is that this country is buying what it conceives to be the best in every market. Music from Italy and Germany, bogeys from Russia, pictures, manuscripts, and writers — they are all to be had at the price. It is quite possible that there is a tendency to depreciate American literature and to compare it unfavorably with European products of no greater intrinsic merit. But, in the long run, value finds its level. The best flows across all frontiers and American authorship, like American architecture, is rapidly obtaining a due recognition, even in America.

That Rhodes Scholars become Oxonians is quite true. They emerge more Oxford than Oxford herself. But to identify Oxford with England would be to insult both institutions. Oxford has not yet disposed of Cambridge — much less the United States.

Mr. Thompson thinks that the bankers hope to make money out of the cancellation of the British debt. I wonder whether that is the whole story. Even with the burden of the British debt on their shoulders, it seems to me that the bankers of Wall Street manage somehow to make a little money.

Surely, the clue to the mystery is simple. All these wicked people — the bankers and the lecturers, the professors and the historians, and, I might add, the clergy — have seen what is meant by modern war. Some of them believe that, if there had been closer coöperation between the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations, the War would have been averted. They may be wrong. But that, surely is their point of view.

There appears to be a simple reason why we should dismiss from our minds any idea of an organic reunion of the English-speaking world. It would be contrary to the lessons of history. Even the churches, while they achieve schism, find it hard to heal it. So with nations, small as well as large. Norway is separate from Sweden, Belgium from Holland. Central America is subdivided into several sovereignties. An amalgamation of the United States and Great Britain is thus unthinkable. But I suppose that both countries would be to blame if, merely because of misunderstandings and rivalries, they were to destroy modern civilization.

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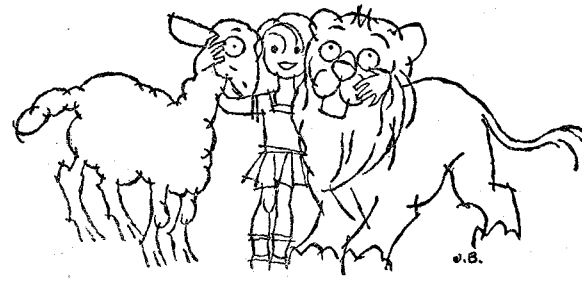
COLLECTING FRIENDS

CLEMENCE DANE

Forum Table Talk



She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
And hates their coming —

declares Cowper. But, putting reverence for the words of that tragic genius aside, I don't think it's true of most women. It represents the point of view of a man who is a born solitary, a shy, lonely human being who clings passionately to a friend or two, but to whom the emotion of friending is so great and the preliminaries (to his shyness) so unnerving that, having secured one — two — three true friends at most, he leans back exhausted on the cushion of their affection, hides himself behind the screen of their friendship. He would no more expend energy or endure embarrassment in order to make more and yet more friends than would some shy beast of the forest emerge from its lair at the whistle of some one person among all the terrifying, trampling humans that it trusts. To a Cowper, one friend is happiness; two, comfort; three (so long as they don't intrude too often), laughter and good cheer. But five hundred — oh, horror! Can't you see Cowper, with his Hamlet temperament, thinking that he has "thought himself" into the skin of the pretty, friendly woman of fashion he describes, while in reality he is merely glowering his shy man's hatred of the mob through her charming eyes? But Cowper, like Hamlet before him, didn't understand human beings; he only understood too well himself. He certainly didn't understand the woman or the man of five hundred friends.

I'll tell you who does, though! Kipling! Do you remember his "Little Friend of all the World"? Kim could no more help collecting friends than Cowper could help shuddering away from them: and real friends too, not mere acquaintances. From the fretful woman who fills his begging bowl at the beginning of his adventures, to the woman who nurses him back to health at the end of them, not to mention the men, Mahbub Ali, the Englishman, the Healer of Pearls, Hurree, the Mahratta, the Lama, and

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the rest, there was not one of that immense motley crowd who was not converted by Kim from an acquaintance into a real friend; and by a real friend I mean a man who "sweareth unto his neighbour and disappointeth him not, though it be to his own hindrance."

Now what is this power of collecting friends that some lucky folk possess? Charm is, I suppose, one word for it. But not every creature of charm is a friend of all the world. Kim, you remember, was still a child, and this power of collecting friends is a power constantly denied the wise and prudent and revealed to babes. Every child is born with five hundred friends, contemns none of them, and delights in their coming. Is it then a certain childlike quality in a grown man or woman that attracts friends as a head of orpine attracts butterflies? Did you ever read the story of Browning's Duchess? Her husband tells it. This is his description of her —

> She had
> A heart — how shall I say? — too soon made glad,
> Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
> She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
> Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
> The dropping of the daylight in the West,
> The bough of cherries some officious fool
> Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
> She rode with round the terrace — all and each
> Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
> Or blush, at least.

It is the exquisite portrait of a lady who went through life "collecting friends" after the fashion of St. Francis, who talked of "my little sister, the water, my little brother, the wolf." Such folk are much and constantly misjudged. The husband of the Duchess had her poisoned because she treated his "gift of a nine-hundred-year-old name like anybody's gift," gave it the same childlike smile of delighted acceptance as she gave the bough of cherries. To a tortured Cowper, doomed to the worst loneliness a soul can endure, such a woman, such a laughing, liking, welcoming woman, could only seem an incomprehensible hypocrite. But to sane folk she is, on the contrary, as lovable as flowers in May. But she is a type that has no attraction for the egotist. It smirches her "to like whate'er she looks on" in the jealous eyes of a Sir Willoughby Patterne, suffering comical agonies at the idea of a woman whom he chooses to admire giving

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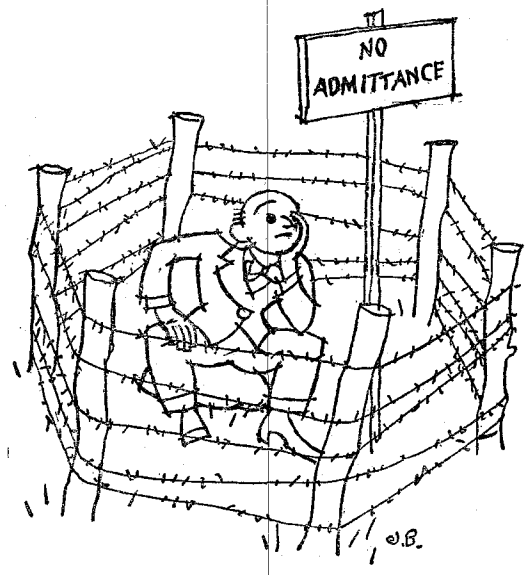
anything of herself to any other human being. This power of collecting friends is always despised and hated by the self-absorbed: they cannot be brought to believe that it does not imply shallowness. They mutter to themselves that if they have got to share good will with every officious fool that comes along with a nosegay or a hungry look, such friendships are not worth having.

But is a child's affection worthless because it also makes friends with birds and beasts and out-at-elbows strangers? Does the sunshine cease to warm you, Pharisee, when it warms the publican? Those pedants of friendship who say, "If I can't suffice you, I'd rather do without you altogether," make slaves of their friends and turn love into a tyranny. Give me rather the spirit of the enthusiast who sang of a pal —

His friends would praise him — I believed 'em!
His foes would blame him — and I scorned 'em!
His friends? — as Angels I received 'em!
His foes — the Devil had suborned 'em!

That is the way to collect friends!



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SELF-EDUCATION IN COLLEGE

ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

Forum Education Series — IV

IN education, as in everything else, a principle or hypothesis has its limitations, and is true only within the bounds of its appropriate application. Even within the region where it has validity, it reaches a point at which it overlaps another principle not less true in its own domain. In this debatable area controversies take place, because there each principle is partially true, and the question arises which principle can be most properly applied, or how far a compromise between them is better than a logical deduction from either alone. The partisans of each, approaching from a situation in which their own theory is, or appears to them to be, absolute, are unaware that they have wandered over the frontier to a place where this is no longer true, and regard as a trespasser an opponent who preaches strange doctrines that seem to them to have no business there.

Now almost the whole field of education is a debatable land. Many principles are partly true; none absolutely so to the exclusion of all others. Hence the multitude of controversies and the general superiority of the intelligent and experienced teacher over one who is guided wholly by a single theory. He who acts on the principle of discipline as the essential matter may do well in early stages, but falls into bad results later; while the teacher who believes that his pupils should think out all things for themselves does them little good before they have material enough to think upon. Children asked to reason for themselves about the agencies of commerce or the constitution of society usually do not reason at all, but accept passively the views of the teacher. They suppose not always rightly, that he knows the facts, and from the facts as he presents them the conclusion follows almost inevitably.

From these remarks a belief on the part of the writer may be inferred that the divergent principles in education are not without value, and that their relative importance varies in its successive stages. In urging, therefore, the significance of self-education it must be assumed that there is no intent to exclude other factors, but merely to place emphasis on a matter that does not seem to have received all the attention it deserves. In America, indeed,

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from the grammar grades to the graduate school, too much reliance has long been placed on instruction as compared with personal effort in study apart from the teacher. Like other principles this one has an application in varying degrees throughout the educational process that ends only with life.

Self-education means two things — connected but not identical — first a desire on the part of the pupil to learn, and second a self-directed attention, a personal endeavor to inquire.

The first of these applies at all stages. Even in the rudiments of the three Rs every teacher knows the difference in progress between the willing child who wants to master these arts, and the reluctant one who must be driven. The multiplication table must be learned by heart, and the earlier the better. It is not education, but a tool of the trade; yet willingness to learn it helps the teacher greatly, and the effect of this attitude of mind is certainly not less as one rises into stages where thought counts more and mechanical mental action less. This aspect of self-education is obvious and need not detain us. The other concerns us here far more.

The second meaning of self-education — that of self-directed attention, a voluntary use of the mind for a conscious purpose — increases in importance with the maturity of the student. In discussing educational questions one is constantly tempted to use similes; they are so facile and so misleading. They have a proper use as illustrations to convey an idea; but they are not demonstrations to prove a principle, and the parallel is not close enough to sustain deductions. Therefore one must not try to reason from them. Merely for the sake of illustrating a meaning the reader may permit a comparison of didactic instruction to being carried in a perambulator or an automobile, and self-education to exercise. By the former more ground is covered in less time, but the muscles are not thereby strengthened or skill in using them acquired. To pass from a simile to a general biological law, it is well known that an organ of the body performing its natural function develops, and one that remains idle tends to atrophy. The organ must not be overstrained, or it may suffer injury; but to attain its maximum efficiency it must be exerted to its fullest normal extent; and that is true of the mind as well as of the muscles, the heart or the lungs.

If the acquisition of knowledge were the sole aim of education the quickest way to reach the result would be presenting it to a willingly receptive mind in a form easily remembered. That is the

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way the rules of Latin grammar were formerly taught, and setting them to rime helped the memory. That was also the basis of the old method of teaching law and medicine by didactic lectures, carefully prepared and read to the class. They might have been printed in book form, given to the students and by them learned almost verbatim. But if the object of education is rather an ability to deal with knowledge, then the student must learn to do it by practice on his own part. Education has, in fact, many objects. One of them is a mechanical training — as in the use of figures which must give speed and accuracy, and applies to all direct use of the formulas that enter to some extent into most occupations. Another is to acquire what has been called codified knowledge, that is facts and ideas generally recognized as true and valuable. A third, with which we are concerned here as one of the chief objects of education, is to give the power to deal with facts, conditions and ideas new to the person who confronts them. He must consider them in the light of a principle studied in other connections. He must apply to a new situation the principle he has learned, or more frequently some modification thereof because the facts do not accord with its rigorous application. We are often told that we ought to equip our young men in college for the problems of the day, and that is well, but not all; for by the time they have reached a position where their opinions count weightily the problems will have changed. We must equip them to deal wisely and profoundly with questions that have not yet arisen and of whose nature we may have no conception. Such a capacity is called resourcefulness, and it is one of the greatest benefits to be obtained by a college education.

To acquire the quality of resourcefulness the mind must not be passive but active. It must have the habit of initiative, which does not come from the mere reception of information systematically prepared by the instructor. Professor William B. Munro has told of an experience he had when a young instructor at a small college. Thinking it would be well for his men to read some of the great books on his subject he assigned reading to be done by the class. Consternation followed among the students, for such a demand had never been made before; and one of them said to him "Frankly, Mr. Munro, we do not think you are treating us fairly. As we understand it, you are paid by the College to read these books and tell us what is in them; and now you make us read them ourselves." This is excellent as a statement of education by

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the method of the perambulator, without effort on the part of the student, but such a mechanical process is ill suited to the development of the brain. Professor Munro's class had misconceived the function of lectures, which should be in the main a stimulus to thought by a portrayal of a system of relations, a picture of a group of things, or an analysis of a subject, rather than a means of imparting bare facts. These in the case of mature students had better be obtained by reading. Lectures have great value, but only to a limited extent does it lie in stating facts. Much no doubt can be done by conducting the mind of the pupil through a difficult train of thought, but this has nowhere near so durable an effect as his going, where possible, through the process for himself, followed by a discussion with the teacher, and best of all with his fellow students also. One should seek to prevent a mere following of the guide. In the early days of our tutoring system we obtained the services of two Oxford tutors, and their pupils observed a difference between their methods and ours at the time, in that when the pupil found himself confused or in error our tutors explained the matter whereas the Oxford men sat still and made him work out his difficulty for himself.

Moreover, the moral effect of personal effort is important. To few men does mere receptivity give a vigorous impulse. For most students the motive power for mental action is not strong unless it comes from within. We hear a great deal about the need of stimulating teachers, but an exhilaration that does not cause a desire to go farther by personal effort, although by no means without marked value, has only a limited influence. It is said of a professor that after an evening with undergraduates the books he had been using were taken out of the library to a notably larger extent during the succeeding week. That means far more than being interested at the moment. It means inoculation with a curiosity to read more, which may come from the teacher, and is his most valuable qualification, but grows by what it feeds upon. It enlarges by use and is sustained by a sense of searching and solving until it becomes a desire, sometimes a passion, for discovery. This is one of the main objects of the case system, and the laboratory method, of teaching; much slower, both of them, as means of learning facts than the didactic lecture or the textbook, but far more enlivening to the student, who becomes thereby an active agent in his own development, capable of carrying it on until he becomes an educated man. He is not, indeed, truly

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educated until he has acquired the power of self-direction, of seeking knowledge and discerning its import.

No subject is really mastered until the student has made it his own; until, instead of repeating what he has been told, he has worked it over in his own mind so much that it does not seem to him a thing he has been taught, but a thing he has learned and can use as his own possession. All higher education in its best form is, indeed, self-education under guidance.

The necessity for personal effort and initiative is clearly understood and applied to-day in all the best law schools, in the preparation for a doctorate of philosophy, and is slowly gaining recognition in medical schools; but it has not been generally appreciated in college. Excellent examples there have been of professors who have long demanded from their students personal work of high grade, and some institutions have made it a requirement for graduation with honors. Only of late years, however, has the principle gained a foothold that self-education should be to some extent an essential element among undergraduates.

At the present day the college presents the most difficult problem in American education. This is true because the acceptance of authority and discipline which is a force in elementary, and to a less extent in secondary, schools is largely outgrown in college; while the purpose of preparing for one's career in life that gives an earnest tone to the professional schools is little felt as a motive. College is too often regarded as an interlude between school days and the serious work of life. Parents not infrequently share this view. They do not understand the value of the education to be obtained; they do not see what it leads to, measuring it too much by its practical application, and perceiving more clearly the social and physical benefits of the many so-called outside activities. Woodrow Wilson, when President of Princeton, remarked that the side shows had overshadowed the main tent; whereas an alumnus is said to have complained that the President had turned that dear old college into a damned educational institution. The outside activities are a highly important part of student life, yet they are not the primary object for which colleges are maintained nor if they were so treated would such institutions long survive. In fact a disproportionate view of the various aspects of college life is on the whole less common among the undergraduates than with the alumni and the public at large.

The main object of a college education is to lay a broad founda-

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tion for thought in the whole of the student's later life; and although his studies may have a more or less vocational trend, yet, save for those who intend to teach the subjects they are learning, the connection between the basic matters taught and their use in practice is by no means so clear as in a professional school where the atmosphere is, or ought to be, thoroughly professional. The connection is, in fact, remote and the true aim is not to make the undergraduate perceive a direct relation to practical affairs which may not exist, but to stimulate a zeal for achievement that will confer greater intellectual and moral power.

In college the obstinate pupils who at school positively resist instruction have disappeared, for they rarely get so far in their education; but the indifferent who incline to use their brains no more than is necessary to get through are common. Among these are many men of natural ability, who, though capable of intellectual tastes and achievement when aroused to exertion, are listless at set tasks. The most obvious form of exertion is the reading of serious books, but here there arises a difficulty from the fact that freshmen, as a rule, cannot read such books. While they can, of course, read words and passages, even a few pages pointed out to them, they have not the power of sustained attention to follow the thread of thought through its convolutions in a book. This must be acquired by practice, that is by a process of self-education which requires personal effort, stimulated by interest and a determination to master the subject.

To create artificially a voluntary effort seems a contradiction in terms, and there has been a tendency in American education to avoid the paradox by making the effort as effortless as possible; that is by making the work easy, or at least pleasant, for the pupil. A variant of the same method is to assume that since the effort should be voluntary it must be exerted in some subject in which the student has a natural interest, with the result that he often proves to have a more natural interest in play, or in doing nothing, than in study. The fact is that in most people interest in serious things is not inborn. They do not do things because they are interested in them (although they think so) so much as they are interested in things because they do them. The thousands of people who spent hours in working over cross-word puzzles did not do so because they had a natural interest in making words out of odd combinations of letters, for if they had this pastime would not have gone so largely out of fashion in a few months.

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On the contrary, the very effort to solve the puzzles created for a time an ardent interest in work that had no other attraction or value. Some people enjoy keenly mental exertion, to more it is a pleasure in moderation, but almost everyone desires to find the solution of a problem in which he is engaged if it does not require too hard labor or too much drudgery. In the case of the undergraduate, therefore, the aim should be to get him at work on a problem which he thinks will be interesting, and which will become so as he becomes engaged in trying to solve it.

A skillful tutor, whose field was history and literature, was fortunate in holding the belief that every student had a natural interest in something, although he might not be aware of it himself. He asked one of the young men assigned to him why he had selected that subject for his principal work in college. The student replied that he was not interested in any other. "Are you interested in this one?" "No." That seemed discouraging; but the tutor inquired what books he liked to read, and, Scott's novels and other fiction of the period being mentioned, he told the pupil that his interest lay in romantic literature, and that he would enjoy finding the connection between that literature and the French Revolution. In two weeks the pupil was reading earnestly. The tutor had won a victory, not so much by discovering, as by creating, an interest; and if the pupil had intellectual faculties his whole life was probably affected thereby.

To arouse a strong interest the problem or subject should not be made easy, but hard; for it is only by strenuous mental exertion that power is developed. Moreover, a series of short unrelated problems does not sustain the interest. For those who have no keen enjoyment in thinking for its own sake the appetite for such problems is likely to diminish. The subject on which the student is working had better be continuous, engaging his attention for as large a part of his college course, and aiming at a knowledge of as large a field, as possible. That is the meaning of requiring the student to elect a major subject, a provision to be found in the rules of almost all colleges at the present time.

No doubt, as an old sailor used to say, there are many ways of killing a cat besides choking it with butter; and that is true of education. One method of reaching the result, now spreading among the Eastern colleges, is that of stimulating an enduring interest by making the mastery of a subject a visible object. This is done by demanding for graduation the passing of a general

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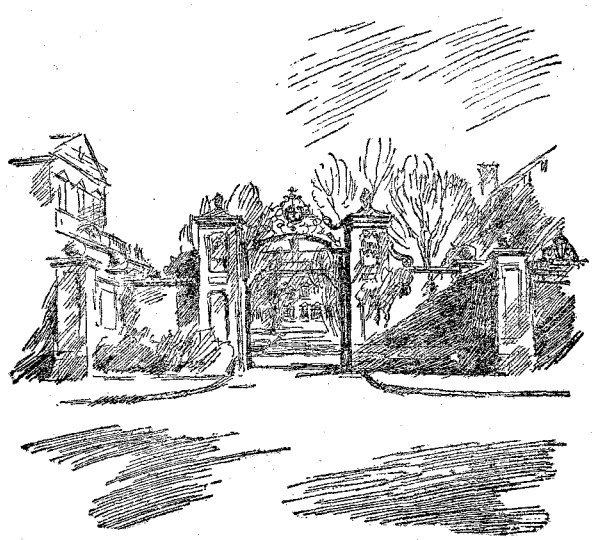
examination thereon after two or more years devoted mainly to studying it. Such an examination is by no means a review of the courses of instruction, for it includes ground that they do not cover; and the preparation for it must be made by personal reading outside of course instruction. The examination is remote enough, comprehensive enough, and tangible enough to be a conscious object of endeavor. At the same time the papers, if properly prepared, are not such as can be passed by cramming. Hence, the goal is not the passing of the examination, but the mastery of a subject, the student knowing that this will enable him to pass and that nothing else will. The success of the method depends upon the skill of the examiners. The art of examination is a difficult one, little understood in America, and this general form is the most difficult of all. To make it effective tutors are no doubt important, if not essential, because a student can hardly be expected to find his own way through a field of knowledge without a guide; but the main thing is the general examination, rather than the tutor whose duty is not to teach but to help the student to learn. That the system has stimulated many undergraduates to a keen interest they would not otherwise have had has been proved by experience, and the future success of the plan will be watched by all men engaged in the problem of college education.

Next month, "Character and College Education," by Irwin Edman.



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THE COMIC STRIPS

SARAH D. LOWRIE

Skippy, by Percy Crosby Courtesy, Central Press Association

I HAD begun a philosophy of the comic strip for this magazine after this epigrammatic fashion: The popularity of that urge, "Say it with flowers," is all part of our tendency to make pictures of our thoughts, our inherent need for dramatizing life. We like to see our ideas in action. Hence the movies, and hence the comic strip, which is really as classic as a ballad or a frieze in a Greek temple, only to-day it comes on the back page of a newspaper instead of in stone or colored glass or worked into tapestry —

Here I stopped typewriting and went down town to see Watkins, the chief of a syndicating bureau investing fortunes in comic strips.

"What's the great idea of the comic strip, anyway, Watkins?" I asked. Without replying he filled my arms full of bundles of syndicated stuff for newspapers past, present, and yet to be, and bade me delve. I delved; and I delved without progress because I did not know which came first among all the funnies, or how, except theoretically, they should be sorted, or why Gumps came after Buster Browns, why Clarence the Cop had stopped and Hairbreadth Harry had gone on. I groaned so loudly over the chaos that out popped E. J. Parker, the official in charge of all the comic strips in that office, and offered me help.

"What can't you find?" he asked.

I should have liked to be philosophic again, but philosophy must be seen and not heard in newspaper offices, so I only repeated my question, which Watkins had left unanswered.

"What do you think is the great idea of the comic strip?"

Now E. J. Parker can roll as smoothly into a business idea as a billiard ball into a green pocket and I could see his mind working to a dollars-and-cents answer; but I swerved him by holding up

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the two nearest samples of his wares. One was a German "funny" of the vintage of 1890, I judge, and the other was Harold Teen imbibing a chocolate sundae with the young lady of his choice.

"What is the difference between 'em, you mean?" was his astute question.

"What's the idea?" I persisted doggedly.

"Well, as I see it, one was a practical joke, and the other — well, the other is Main Street!" he said, fingering the two meditatively. "The Germans liked practical jokes, everything was a laugh on the other fellow. We like to laugh at ourselves! I guess that's the idea, isn't it?"

He pulled out a cut at random — which happened to be one of Harold West in a business suit — and held up to it another of Harold West done of himself by himself, as he drew his Main Street self.

" 'Nough said, eh?" chuckled E. J. Parker and popped back into his office.

Since that brief interview I have listened to many experts on the comics of to-day and of yesterday, and I have learned a great deal about the dollars-and-cents value of the output, but somehow E. J. Parker's explanation and elucidation stick. Partly because his logic is so simple and partly because I find the funnies themselves fall into line to prove it true.

The great idea once was laughing at others. And now it is laughing at ourselves. Germany gave us the notion, but we changed the theme.

The practical joke certainly did not begin in Germany. It probably began in the Garden of Eden and had a very slap-stick performer in Jacob when he got off things on his father-in-law Laban, some unknown centuries later. But if it was used to adorn a tale in Hebrew literature it was made always to point a moral in the German comic strip of the 1840's when the Munich artists in black and white followed the lead of Wilhelm Busch and showed little boys how they could play Max and Moritz tricks on their elders and always get a laugh out of the audience, even though in the natural course of events they also came to a very bad end themselves.

Of course the lure for adults — who eagerly placed these snares in the pathway of the innocent young, even to the extent of translating the German jingles into American rimes in order to make sure that no audacity of mischief of those terrible boys

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would be lost on their own offspring — was the clever drawing, far cleverer in some ways than those of to-day.

That the practical joke phase lasted on and on successfully, these two comics of the nineties are proof. That they had almost the meticulous beauty of detail of fine etchings, even these little waifs and strays of nearly forty years ago triumphantly reveal.

The French were milder and more subtle in their manner of tickling the ribs of their children, but the joke was still a practical one — that is, the laugh of the younger on the adult. For Munich youngsters proudly possessed of the yearly *Bilderbogen*, this joke on a bird house and on a parent would scarcely raise a titter, and for an American child no incentive to emulation.

That the funnies of the 1840's or even those of the nineties are becoming museum pieces rather than nursery classics, one observes with interest since Joseph Popp's exhibition at the Technical Institute in Munich in April of 1924, when the comic strips and the comic pages of Carl Spitweg, Moritz Sulwind, Ferdinand Pocci, and Wilhelm Dietz — all successors or coadjutors of Wilhelm Busch — were hung on the line and attracted crowds of present-day as well as reminiscent enthusiasts.

Undoubtedly, when we have worn out our Main Street jokes and all our great initiators have left their laurels as well as their fortunes behind them, we too may hold an exhibition of our own funnies, and Bud Fisher and Sidney Smith, George McManus, Frank King, H. I. Tuthill, Gene Byrnes, Charles Voight, Billy De Beck, Dick Outcault, R. Dirks, Knerr, Don Herold, A. E. Hayward, Thornton Fisher, C. W. Kahles, and all the rest of the Daily and Weekly Dozeners will hold the fort as the great masters of the Main Street Period, as the Munich School contributed the high priests of the Practical Joke Era.

Not that the American break in the sequence of bad boys was immediate. The Yellow Kid and the Katzenjammer Kids and the Captain and the Kids, as well as Buster Brown, could have held their own with either the *Bilderbogen* boys or at times with Max and Moritz; and certainly in intention their antics were often planned to annoy some Johnny Look-in-the-Air of a grown-up; but if one is to judge by the comic strips which commanded the highest prices ten years ago, the tide of the practical joke has long since ebbed. Rather we respond to the artist who sees himself and ourselves as Harold West does.

Of course in the case of Hairbreadth Harry, Kahles combines

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How to Start the Day Wrong
By BRIGGS
YOU WALK TO YOUR OFFICE FEELING LIKE A FEW MILLION DOLLARS
HELLO, FRANK- GUESS YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME- HENRY HOOPLE?
OH- HOW ARE YA- YES- YES WELL WELL
WELL FRANK YOU ARE SURE LOOKING GREAT... EVERYBODY INQUIRES FOR YOU BACK HOME AND SEND REGARDS. WELL WELL - IT DOES SEEM NICE TO SEE YOUR SMILING FACE AGAIN... YOU OUGHT TO HEAR THE NICE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT YOU BACK HOME
GEORGE'S A COMING TOUCH
HOW'S THAT BEAUTIFUL AND CHARMING WIFE OF YOURS. WELL YOU CERTAINLY DO DESERVE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN LIFE . I WASN'T QUITE SO LUCKY BUT IF A FELLOW HAS FRIENDS WHAT MORE CAN ONE WANT?? FRIENDS YOU CAN COUNT ON- YOU BOOB FRANK-
SURE OF IT NOW
FRANK I'M EXPECTING A CHECK FROM HOME ANY MINUTE BUT IN THE MEANTIME IF YOU COULD LET ME HAVE FIFTY BUCKS- JUST FOR A DAY OR SO--
OOF!
AND SO THE DAY WAS UTTERLY RUINED
QUIT? YOU BET I'LL QUIT-- I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THAT KIND OF TALK FROM ANYBODY YOU BET YOUR SWEET LIFE
BRIGGS

Copyright, 1928, New York *Tribune*, Inc. Courtesy, New York *Herald Tribune*

the practical joke with romance and chivalry. But he has given the devilish part to Rudolph, who in spite of his high hat and dress suit and fiendish smile always perpetrates an anticlimax instead of a cunning revenge, while Belinda and the pulchritudinous Harry are always triumphant in the end, the reverse of the Max and Moritz series.

Kahles says of himself that he has not taken an idea for his characters from anyone, but his situations have been considerably pruned by experience and criticism. His first serial was Clarence the Cop, which ran for nine years and which so enraged the New York police force that the flood of letters from individual policemen finally halted Clarence and forever took him and his misadventures out of the limelight. Kahles speaks of November 18, 1889, as being the date of the first issue by the New York *World* of the first successful Sunday "funny side." And he adds this bit of history in a recent interview in the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

> Outcault, then a draftsman for the Electrical World, offered a comic showing a clown and a wolfhound as characters. This was the first Sunday comic. Outcault then created Hogan's Alley, and one of his background

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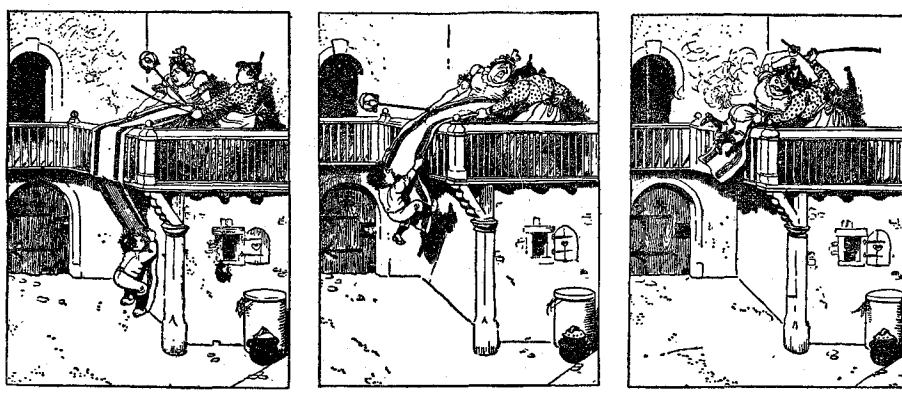

characters was a kid with big ears and funny toes wearing a yellow dress. New York went wild over the Yellow Kid. Outcault put him in the spotlight and the comic craze that has swept the country and has extended all around the world was thus put in motion.

Perhaps Richard Outcault's Yellow Kid was also allowed gradually to subside for much the same reason as Clarence — it raised a protest from mothers and preachers. For though that big-eared moron was the progenitor of American comics in color, as Kahles notes, he was not approved by those who were dubious about the moral effect of the Sunday color supplement. Not that Kahles says in his recollections of those days anything about parental disapproval of the Yellow Kid; but he has a pregnant paragraph on his own experience of what the American public permits in the way of fun for children, or indeed for adults. He remarked to the reporter who was interviewing him, "The most serious thing about comics is not what to do, but what not to do. I remember once I had Rudolph, the villain, inciting some small boys to burn down a schoolhouse. The next day came a score of stiff letters of protest from teachers. Then one time I cartooned Adam and Eve and was admonished by mail from some persons of a

19th Century German comics by A. Honauly

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highly religious character that no characters from the Bible ought to appear in a Sunday comic cartoon. None ever have appeared from my pen since, nor have any more schoolhouses been burned down."

When one recollects the jokes on schoolmasters of the *Bilderbogen* series this restraint seems almost miraculous. Certainly it shows how times had changed and the point of view had shifted even twenty years ago. There was nothing sudden however in the transition, for Outcault took the Yellow Kid to the Sunday edition of the New York *Journal* and gradually worked out of the abnormal impishness of that creation into the "Buster Brown" and "Pore Lil' Pete Mose" series for the *Herald* and the Denver *Post*. Meantime, George McManus worked a more adult field in "The Newly Weds," and "Panhandle Pete." While Herriman took to the pet realm with his "Krazy Kat," and Bud Fisher to vaudeville epics with "Mutt and Jeff," Carl Schultz anticipated the "Bringing Up Father" joke by his "Foxy Grandpa" idea. The public was very quick in catching on to the lead that Hearst and Bennett had given with their color sections; and as one newspaper after another felt the demand and tried to fill it, there was considerable rivalry as to what newly established syndicate should annex the popular artists.

Many of the artists achieved popularity more by luck, at the outset, than by special training, as the following ingenuous confession of the creator of Hairbreadth indicates:

> I went on the *World* when I was 20 as a regular assignment artist. One day they wanted a comic and I was the only man in the office. They told me to get to work and start one. So I started Clarence the Cop, which in the early years had only two contemporaries, the Katzenjammer Kids, by Dirks, and Happy Hooligan. In 1906 I heard that the Philadelphia *Press* wanted a comic serial. I was then drawing Clarence the Cop, The Teasers, Mr. Butt-in and Billy Bounce, but I was willing to take on another, so I went to Philadelphia and saw the managing editor. Then was born that character which is still alive to-day, Hairbreadth Harry.

Hairbreadth Harry, who has discovered the secret of perpetual youth, apparently, is now featured by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Syndicate, and after twenty years of championship of the fair Belinda is still going strong against the ever baffled Rudolph.

This transference from one newspaper to another, which seems possible for some popular artists and not for others, all depends on the kind of contract a man makes with his particular syndicate. Dirks, who invented the Katzenjammer Kids in the Hearst

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papers, could not transfer his child to the New York *World* but had to leave him behind for Knerr to stepfather, while he adopted another set of characters with a fondly reminiscent sound to the name — "The Captain and the Kids." The "Mutt and Jeff" of Bud Fisher probably have a still higher earning capacity for Fisher's syndicate agents, the Bell Syndicate of New York; while the Chicago *Tribune* is said to have paid Sidney Smith $1,300,000 for the Gumps and others, with a Rolls-Royce thrown in. The International Feature Syndicate of Chicago owns "Bringing Up Father" perhaps as much as George McManus does, and Frank King's "Gasolene Alley" provides a dividend stock for the Chicago *Tribune* as well as for the man who thought of Uncle Walt and Skeezics and Doc and Mrs. Blossom and Black Rachel and all the rest of the folk in Walt's world. I got a sort of mild eye-opener as to what these dividends for artists and for syndicates amount to, from the manager of a New York paper in the course of a casual conversation on the value of publicity versus advertising.

For instance, the amount agreed upon between Crawford the manager of the Chicago *Tribune* Syndicate and the creator of Andy Gump and Uncle Bim, not to speak of little Chester and the hired girl, was undoubtedly a good thing in advertising, but as publicity the Rolls-Royce was even better; since it got more attention for the Chicago *Tribune* from a general public that "falls" for publicity and does not always stop to value advertising property.

The newspapers which own the output of a comic strip artist of course calculate on getting their money back with interest from reselling the strips to other papers. They must also get enough advertisement out of the strips to pay for the loss of the space which would otherwise be given over to highly paid advertisements of other companies the year round. So it pays the great city dailies to own their comics, or at least most of them. The rental of the notable ones comes to between one hundred dollars and two hundred fifty dollars a week for each six strips, a yearly rental of from forty thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars on comic strips, or even more.

Some artists sign contracts for as long as ten years. Sidney Smith's, for instance, is said to run for ten years at one hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year. No wonder Andy Gump thinks in billions; and Uncle Bim's proposal that he be his agent

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KRAZY KAT
Back to Back.
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
THAT IS IGNATZ MOUSE'S RADIO CONTROLLED FLYING BRICK. "KRAZY" - PRESS ONE OF THOSE BUTTONS, AND OFF IT WILL GO —
1
SEE - THERE IT GOES.
2
NOW TOUCH THE OTHER BUTTON, AND IT WILL COME BACK.
3
POW
ZIP
4
Grant Britain rights reserved
© 1927, by Int'l Feature Service, Inc.
11-16
HERRIMAN

Courtesy, International Feature Service, Inc.

for giving away several billions still appears feasible to his sanguine imagination. No wonder Hayward's stenog flapper has her salary very much on her mind. Money talks in the comic strip world and artists are good bargainers. The yearly earnings of all these men range between fifty thousand dollars to seventy-five thousand dollars and that includes such classics as Ketten's "Can You Beat It?" Jimmy Murphy's "Toots and Casper," Westover's "Tillie the Toiler," and Carl's "Harold Teen," as well as "Regler Fellers" of Gene Byrnes, "Petey" of Charles Voight, King's "Gasolene Alley," "Barney Google," and A. E. Hayward's "Somebody's Stenog," and little Mary and their employer, the nut manufacturer, and his son.

The last publicity expert who poured these figures and names into my already overstimulated imagination was, I could see, not in the least interested in the news end of the business venture of a newspaper, least of all in the editorial page which, in his eyes, took up space without helping circulation. And I suddenly understood why there is such a wide gulf fixed between the news end of a paper and the publicity end — a gap that perhaps nothing spans but the comic strip.

That the comic strips hold their own with both the editor and the publicity man is proof, if one needs proof, that the public has

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If Your Wife's A Fiend for Transplanting *By DON HEROLD*

No, I don't like it there. Move it over by the sun parlor
It is all wrong there. Let's put it near the garage
2nd day
I've been thinking. Let's try it over by the Bleeding Hearts
3rd day
I don't like it here. Let's put it back by the garage
4th day
Excuse me
I've planted it here. You can move it around from day to day
EXPRESS
don herold

Courtesy, Don Herold

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once more dictated to those gentlemen a policy that they must pursue or lose patronage.

Business, education, civilization, and sophistication all combined to give folklore its quietus. Ballads were encouraged only as literature, and improvisations like puppet shows were allowed no contemporary themes. Even the skits on passing events, such as those to which the Concross and Dixie minstrels gave their vogue, were cold-shouldered by theatrical purveyors of a modern vintage.

Then suddenly the public, which cannot long be fooled either about what it needs or what it wants, clamored for ballads and improvisations and puppet shows and minstrel take-off of itself in its everyday dress, on the Main Street that it has never left in spite of schools and pulpits, foreign culture and jazz. What it wanted, the artists, who are clairvoyant, were prompt to give; and the publicity men, who are buyers and sellers, saw a good market in cornering. And the editors, who have after all more humor than they are credited with, found it not so bad for their dignity as they had feared. So everyone is content, except the few outsiders who enjoy everyone's Main Street but their own and who go to Paris to avoid New York.

THE GUMPS—LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN, $1,000,000,000
AFTER THREE MONTHS OF HOVERING ON THE VERY BRINK OF ETERNITY—UNCONSCIOUS FOR NINETY WEARY DAYS HAUNTED BY FANTASTIC DREAMS AND DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR—HE LAY A SILENT HELPLESS SLAVE TO DELIRIUM—AT LAST HE COMES OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE SUNLIGHT OF GOOD HEALTH—
DON'T YOU REMEMBER BEING HIT BY THAT TRUCK? YOU WERE GIVEN UP FOR DEAD—ONLY A MIRACLE SAVED YOU—WEEK AFTER WEEK YOU LAY IN THE HOSPITAL AT THE POINT OF DEATH—DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHEN THE TRUCK KNOCKED YOU DOWN—
NO!
ANDY—THINK!! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY RECOLLECTION OF THE HOSPITAL—OR THE DOCTORS—DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE NURES HOLDING YOU WHEN YOU TRIED TO JUMP OUT OF THAT WINDOW?
NO!
WHERE'S THAT GOLD NUGGET I PUT IN THE YARD? IS THAT GONE TOO?
I PUT A $25,000,000 GOLD NUGGET IN THAT YARD—WHERE'S THAT BILLION DOLLARS?
MY DEAR YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF YOUR HEAD
GINETTE SMITH

Courtesy, Chicago *Tribune*

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THE BIBLE TO-DAY

A Modern View of Inspiration

FREDERICK KELLER STAMM

DO modern critics in the theological schools hold that the Bible is an inspired book? If so, what do they say of inspiration? Is it like a ready-made garment handed down from above? Or is it a groping upward from below — something pieced together bit by patient bit? Such questions were daily put to the Editor while he was on Chautauqua circuit last summer, so he relayed them to Dr. Stamm who has answered them in this article. His reply shows that the modern view of inspiration accords with science.

IN this article I am not endeavoring to support a "Bible Defense League" any more than I am anxious that a society be formed for the protection of the sun. The Bible needs no defense except that, like the sun, it prove itself a light to the path of all who walk in it. Says Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, "The only defense the Bible needs, is to be read; and the only attack it dreads is to be left unread." There can be but one justification for setting forth on this subject; that the average man who reads may know how, in this age, he may get the meat from an old Book written in a bygone age and under totally different circumstances.

There are three different attitudes with which we must reckon. The first is typical of that large group which is disgusted with the kind of science many preachers hold to — a science which is quite obviously at variance with known facts. What are the preachers and the churches going to do with a layman who talks like that? The second attitude is typical of that other group which possesses a thinking mind and which has found within the covers of the Bible those great truths which authenticate themselves to the readers' hearts and minds. Under no circumstances will they ever be brought to accept the traditional view of the Bible and of religion. This group is ever growing and it is high time that the church take cognizance of it. The third attitude represents that unscientific and emotional type which is ruled by credulity rather than by faith, and which is terribly afraid to touch one jot or tittle of the Bible lest the whole foundation be destroyed and carry with it the whole superstructure of Christianity.

It is the function of scholars so to set forth their conclusions as to bring these various groups together and show them a more

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excellent way — a way that is reasonable, scientific, and religious. They can do this by means of an historical approach, or what is known as higher criticism. No longer do we need to fear historical criticism. It is simply a method whereby the variety of the books of the Bible are shown — differences of date and authorship, of matter and form, and their wide variance in religious and moral development. Every pious soul does this same thing as a matter of practice, and without scruple. He always turns to those passages of the Bible which build up his faith and comfort his soul, and passes by those which are uninteresting and sterile.

The Church Pays

There is a serious problem involved in this whole matter. We are living in a day of changing thought-forms and outgrown categories. Preachers can continue to preach from those texts about which there is no question, and the church can continue to sidestep the issue in its educational work; but if they do, the whole superstructure of religion will eventually find itself in an unsatisfactory and perilous position. Indeed, it may not be far from that condition now. The church is paying for her failure to meet the issue squarely in the loss of her more intelligent young people and in the alienation of many of her thinking adults.

When we talk about the Bible, we must do so frankly and honestly. There must be no intellectual shuffling and no fear of consequences. We must interpret it as we would interpret any other book. It will stand the test, and the cause of righteousness will not be overthrown, nor will religion be destroyed. Neither the superstitions of some nor the irreligious negations of others have been able to do the Bible harm. In dealing with this subject, it will be my purpose to base it upon those facts which are universally accepted by scholars of all faiths, and which make their appeal to the sensible, unprejudiced mind, and to the deepest longings of the human heart.

In the first place, historical criticism has shown us that *the Bible is a record of, and the vehicle transmitting, a great human experience — an experience of God, of human need, and of God's response to that need.* This experience culminates in Jesus Christ and approves itself to Christian experience to-day. The Bible was once believed to be a textbook of history and of science, a code of ethics, a compendium of theological doctrines, with specific provisos for church government and worship. Men frequently go

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to the Bible to find support for their theology, their economic theories, their ecclesiastical polity, or their scientific views. But when men wrote the Bible they were not thinking of these things. They were religious men, and they tell us of the faith that was in them, and of the struggle and storm through which they came to a knowledge of God. They give us fundamental principles of brotherhood, of justice, of peaceableness, but the economic or political systems in which these shall be embodied, each age must discover for itself.

The authors of the books of the Bible, the editors, the compilers, are now seen to be men of blood and passion. The mere fact that they lived in another age does not mark them as having a different kind of human nature. We are linked by an indissoluble chain to all the past races of men. The men who dealt in literary flights in the days when the Psalms or the Song of Solomon were written, are brothers to the hymn-writers and the poets of to-day. The same may be said for the biographers, the law-givers, the prophets, and the preachers.

As we read what they say, we find them to be plain, rugged, living men, sharing our joys and sorrows, our hopes and aspirations, our needs and fears, facing the problems and perplexities of life, seeing the sins and the crooked ways of humanity, saying what they feel and know, and speaking with a conviction that is born of personal experience. They show us how faith has brought them into the light, and how the God in Whom they trusted has helped and saved them.

Advance in Spiritual Perception

Critics have plainly shown us how God has made Himself known in different ages. He did not at once create men perfect in their spiritual perceptions, but evolved them and gradually made them responsive to His ever higher inspirations. The scholar's method of arranging the books of the Bible in chronological and historical order, telling us when they were written and under what circumstances, helps us see an advance in spiritual perception. There was a time when God was regarded as a tribal deity, and a later period when He was seen to be the God of the whole world. There was a time when God was a localized divinity with His dwelling place on Sinai or at Jerusalem; but there came a day when God's Spirit filled heaven and earth. At one time God was nothing but a "man of war" and a tribal lawgiver, but later He

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was conceived to be a God Whose nature is love. It took a long time to pass from the God of Jacob to the Father of Jesus Christ.

Like the land in which it was written, the Bible has lofty peaks and dark valleys — lofty peaks of spiritual elevation and dark valleys where evil passions of cruelty and lust are lurking. To view the Bible as one level plain is to misinterpret its meaning. The book of Ecclesiastes is by no means on the same level with the prophecies of Isaiah, and the Song of Solomon is not to be considered side by side with the Sermon on the Mount.

The second thing scholarship knows about the Bible is *that it is inspired*. This fact has been asserted by men of all creeds. But when we pass from the simple affirmation that the Bible is inspired, to the question, "What is inspiration?" at once we recognize that a great gulf separates the new viewpoint of inspiration from the old.

There are those who believe in the verbal inspiration of the Bible and who tell us that God put into the hands of the inspired writer a ready-made truth. The man who wrote was a mechanical instrument and into his work he put no thought, no feeling, no will of his own. The result was purely divine, every word uttered was the word of God. Traditional Protestantism and Roman Catholicism take their stand on the ground that those who maintain an error is possible in any genuine passage of the sacred writings pervert the true notion of inspiration and make God the author of error.

Modern scholarship holds that belief in the inspiration of the Bible does not rest upon the assumption that every word, letter, syllable, paragraph, and book were equally inspired; but upon the fact that the writers were possessed with religious sense and that they had a special genius for religion. They had a special insight which enabled them to apprehend God. This does not spoil the idea of inspiration. On the contrary, the Book has been restored to us in all its power and influence, by far the richest in a spiritual sense that the world has ever known. Verbal dictation, inerrant records, uniformity of doctrine — all such ideas have become incredible in the face of the facts. In place of these ideas, the new approach gives us the ability to repeat with freshened meaning and deepened conviction the opening words of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in His Son."

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If you should be inclined to think that scholarship is treading on dangerous ground, and that the good Book which you prize so highly is in any great peril by reason of this modern attitude, go up to your mother's room and pick up that Bible which was her comfort and stay during her lifetime — and especially while she was rearing you. See where it is thumbed. Are not the pages in Leviticus and Deuteronomy quite white and clean? If you had ever questioned her about these books, she could have given you but little information. But turn to the Psalms, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, or to the letters to Timothy. Are not the pages worn, perhaps actually torn? She lived by these and similar passages, and in the faith of them she passed on. You have asserted your belief in your mother's faith, and you would doubtless resent your mother's ever being designated as a Higher Critic or a Modernist. Perhaps she never heard, or knew the meaning of, those terms; but the markings in her Bible make it perfectly clear that in effect that is what she was. For her own comfort she instinctively came to the same place that critics have reached in their study of documentary evidence. That the Bible is inspired, but not equally in all parts, is evidenced both by what critics have found, and by the passages which the saints have selected for reading.

Errors of the Bible

Modern scholarship claims for the inspiration of the Bible only what the facts demand; it is possible to be as scientifically correct in religion as in the chemical laboratory. We judge phenomena by the results. The inspiration of the Bible is not a fact because we say it. We say it because it *is* a fact. Men go to the Bible to learn from those who have heard God speak, seeking by their help to catch their vision and finding inspiration and power in their words. As men read, the spark of faith is kindled in them, and they see God as the writers saw Him. But if perchance they do not see and hear what the writer saw and heard, it must not be concluded that the writer was deceived. The fault may lie with the reader, and the only thing for him to do is to continue to go back to the Bible until his experience widens and deepens, so that he will believe not "because of the sayings," but because he himself has seen and knows.

Modern scholars are agreed on a third point concerning the Bible: *that it contains errors; that there is no reasonable way of*

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harmonizing the Bible with itself; and that every attempt to do so will only resolve its conflicts and contradictions into an artificial unity. I catch the sneer with which this statement is greeted by many and the fear they have that, with the shifting of the mental attitude in the interpretation of the Bible, the eternal verities are slipping from our grasp. Were the world and man created exactly as the chapters in Genesis state? Did Moses write the first five books of the Bible? Did David write the Psalms? Is the book of Jonah fact or fiction? Did the ax-head swim? Did Elijah ascend to heaven in a chariot of fire? According to a large number of pious people, if these narratives are not literally and exactly true, then the Bible is false and the Christian religion is doomed.

Deeply as we rejoice in the timelessness of the message of the Bible, nevertheless we must face the fact that it contains errors and contradictions. Scholars have not arrived at this statement by theory. It is evidenced by the reading of the Bible itself. Here, in the first two chapters of Genesis, are two stories of creation. Anyone who takes time to read these accounts with a thinking mind, will see how decidedly they differ. The first story tells us that the inorganic world was created first, then came the various orders of vegetable life, then the lower forms that live in the sea, followed by reptiles, birds, and vertebrates. Finally, as the crown of creation, man is brought forth, male and female, made in the likeness and image of his Maker. In the second story, beginning with the latter half of the second verse of the second chapter, we are told that God made man first and planted a garden for his home, and caused trees to grow bearing fruit suited for food. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air are created and brought to the man to be named. Last of all, the man having no companion, the Creator removed a rib from his side while he slept, and made a woman to serve as his helpmeet.

It is quite plain that these two accounts cannot both be inerrant because they disagree with each other. It is also plain that they cannot be historically and scientifically correct, because at certain points they break down under the weight of assured knowledge. It may be a shock to the man who believes that the narrative of creation is to be regarded as an infallible statement of fact, when he discovers these two accounts. But he need not be alarmed. They cannot be reconciled, nor can they be fitted into each other so as to make a complete unity; but they can be explained. The Old Testament is made up of a number of different

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documents. The one that describes the first story of creation is known as the Late Priestly Narrative, and the one that describes the second story is known as the Early Judean Prophetic. Between the years 450 and 400 B.C. the majority of the Priestly narratives were collected and united, while the Judean narratives appeared at an earlier date, about 825 B.C.

Modern scholarship has shown us how these different narratives appear all through the Old Testament canon. We have two accounts of the flood, each one giving a different period of time when the waters covered the earth. The Judean story gives one account of the flood lasting forty days, while the Priestly story tells us that it continued for one hundred and fifty days. Both of these statements cannot be infallibly correct as statements of fact.

We have three versions of the Ten Commandments. The first is found in the thirty-fourth chapter of Exodus and is the only one designated in the Bible as containing "the Ten Commandments," and yet it is different from the Commandments we know so well. It is in the early Judean narrative and moves altogether in the realm of the ceremonial suitable to a primitive race in the lower stages of its spiritual development. The second version is part of the Prophetic narrative, found in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. This is the code which is so well known. It is a distinct improvement on the earlier version. Ceremony and ritual have little place; it speaks of conduct and the proper attitude toward human society. Human well-being is summed up in reverence for God, the sacredness of the Sabbath, life, truth, and property.

The third version of the Ten Commandments is found in the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy, and is part of the Priestly narrative. It agrees substantially with the second version, with certain modifications, especially that which deals with the reasons for keeping the Sabbath. The narrative in the twentieth chapter of Exodus tells us to keep the Sabbath as a day of rest in imitation of God, who rested after he had created the world in six days. The prophetic author of the narrative in Deuteronomy gives as the reason for keeping the Sabbath, consideration for those who toil. There is no mention of the creation of the world or of any ceremonial reason for observing one day in seven.

Modern critics have shown us also that the conflicts of the Bible are not confined to verbal statements. We see the great divergence of religious and moral thought between the Priestly and Prophetic schools of instruction. If we confine our study to

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the Priests' Code — and perhaps the too great emphasis of the church upon this attitude in religion is responsible for much of its plight to-day — we might believe that a man's salvation depends upon his observance of certain ceremonial forms. But when we turn to the great prophetic utterances of the eighth century B.C. and listen to such voices as Amos, Micah, and Isaiah, we find with how great contempt they looked on ritual and ceremony. Instead of religion's consisting in the offering of a thousand rams or of ten thousand rivers of oil, we hear it said, "He hath shown thee, O man, what is good! And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Here, too, in the Bible, one finds two opposite views of immortality. The skeptical author of Ecclesiastes tells what happens to a man after death. He says, "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea they have all one breath; and a man hath no preëminence over the beasts: for all is vanity." Centuries later, Paul declared, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" In the beginning, Hebrew religion had no hope of immortality. Sheol was a land of "forgetfulness," of "silence," of "destruction." Slowly the hope of immortality grew. Dr. Fosdick says, "The story of its emergence, its struggle, its victory, is one of the most thrilling in the Book. But it is impossible to harmonize the view of Ecclesiastes with that of the seventy-third Psalm, or with the hope of Jesus."

One could continue to point out similar discrepancies and contradictions in the Bible which the historical approach has revealed. Scholars have not told us these things to discredit or belittle the Scriptures. They have simply given us the results of their research. It is not guesswork. It is not impertinence. They do not need to resort to the old allegorical method of interpretation to explain away what they do not like. They do not need to buttress truth with untruth. They do not need to apologize for the crudities of the early writers of the Bible. These are but early stages in a great development. They are the infant attempts to understand the divine character and purpose; and they must be judged, not by what they are, but by what they lead to. And the ultimate of it all was the gospel of Jesus Christ. To any preacher or teacher who is indulging in intellectual shuffling in the interest of the man-made dogma of the inerrancy of the Bible, I should

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like to say, "Not walking in craftiness or handling the word of God deceitfully, but by the manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every one's conscience in the sight of God."

The Bible's Authority

This brings us to the question of the authority of the Bible. If all we have said about the Scriptures' being a record of the experiences of men, about inspiration and inerrancy, how is a man to tell what is authoritative and what is not? Here is the nub of the whole matter; for surely if we are going to retain the Bible as the Book from which preachers shall preach, teachers teach, and the whole family of human beings receive incentives to higher living, we need to know how to receive it and how to find out what is true and what is misleading.

Here again the scholars have rendered an invaluable service to a host of inquiring souls, and as generations come and go, many will rise up and call them blessed. There has been a radical departure from the idea that the Bible contains mysteries beyond our reason, revealed and guaranteed to us as true, either by marvelous signs such as miracles, or by the infallible pronouncement of the official church. The authority of the Bible is based on the revelation of self-evidencing truth. We have been released from the view which expresses itself in the dictum, "If anything is in the Bible, it must not be questioned; it must simply be accepted and obeyed," and a truer approach to authority has been opened to us by saying, "If it is in the Bible, it has been tried and found valuable by a great many people. Question it as searchingly as you can, try it for yourself, and see whether it proves itself true."

Eighteen years ago William Newton Clarke wrote an illuminating book, *Sixty Years With The Bible*. He began life by viewing the Bible after the manner of his father's day, and ended by standing on the side of Higher Criticism without losing his faith in God and Jesus Christ. Listen to his words: "I have maintained that we are as free to search out the truth of God as ever an apostle was, and that we may be as truly under the leading of God in doing so as the apostles were. God has never limited freedom of inquiry by any commandment of His own, nor has He authorized His children to limit one another's freedom by the established versions of His truth. Orthodoxy is a human institution, not a divine, and God has never set it up as a barrier in the way of thought concerning divine realities." Five years before

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this significant statement was written, Marcus Dods in his book, *The Bible, Its Origin and Nature*, declared, "In the last resort you must depend solely on your own conviction that here God speaks to you. If there is not a self-evidencing power in Christ and in his revelation, you will never find evidence of his truth anywhere else."

It is obvious that the authority of our own spiritual perception does not extend to such a question as the historical correctness of the report of some alleged event or the accuracy of some opinion. We know the effect of sin upon the soul as depicted in the story of Adam and Eve; but we must leave the question of the historicity of the narrative and the scientific view of the origin of the universe to the investigation of the scholars. Our experience of Jesus as a living force in the world confirms the experience which the disciples had of the presence of Jesus in their midst after the crucifixion; but the manner of his resurrection and the method by which he communicated with them must be left to the study of historical students. We can receive the spiritual message from the miraculous story of Jonah, but the reported events in the life of Jonah must be tested by historical probability. If a man is desirous of acquainting himself with ancient history, there are other books which he may profitably consult; but if he wants to know something of the ideals of religion, we can refer him to the Bible. If he seeks information as to the formation of the earth and how life was developed, let him consult books on paleontology; but if he desires to be impressed with God's relation to human life, let him read the book of Genesis. If he craves to know the times of Jesus, let him read history; but if he wants to know Jesus and through Him catch a vision of God, let him read the Gospels.

Our spiritual perception has always enabled us to sift the true from the false, the permanent from the transitory, in the Bible. Who tells us that we may eat things strangled, though in the days of the apostles such eating was expressly prohibited? Who tells us that a man can be a Christian to-day without practicing foot-washing, although one of the last lovely acts of Jesus was the washing of feet? Who tells us that we need not anoint the sick with oil, although the New Testament explicitly tells us to do so? How is it that the simplest reader can be trusted to find his own spiritual nourishment in the Bible, rejecting as much as he receives? The answer to these questions is found in the words of Paul: "The spiritual man judgeth all things."

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Any man who goes to the Bible for spiritual life will not be disappointed. Civilizations may alter, but nothing can touch the heart of vital religion. Great truths shine out which are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Dr. Fosdick has put the matter in striking language: "'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.' — What have time and change to do with that? 'Enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret;' 'God is love: and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him.' — What have time and change to do with that? 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other even as God also in Christ forgave you.' — What have time and change to do with that?"

Anyone who goes to the Bible with this historical approach will be at home in any part of it and will know how to use it. It opens new vistas to him and enlarges the borders of his vision. He runs into no blind alleys. The road is open and he will finally emerge with the Gospel of Jesus Christ in his hand. He has regained what the church has lost: the ability to see the Bible as the "Word of God" in its true significance.

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BLUE BLOOD AND GREEN

The Cosmetics of Nature

H. Munro Fox

THE high-born Spaniard of fiction has blue blood. One wonders whether he would be proud to know that he shares this distinction with the humble crab and with the horrible octopus. Their blood, too, is blue but blue in a different way from his, as we shall see. And there are worms in the sea whose blood is a bright green. Worms they are, it is true, but nothing repulsive like the ordinary earthworm. These cousins of the humble earthworm are in truth very lovely creatures, with plume-like tentacles on their heads, which wave in the water in graceful shapes.

Let us ask first of all why our own blood is red and likewise the blood of many other animals, before we go on to speak of bloods of less usual hues. Our blood is red because it has in it a chemical substance called hæmoglobin. Without this stuff we could not live. All parts of the body, the inside like the outside, need oxygen to live. Now, there is oxygen in the air, but how is it conveyed to the innermost recesses of the body which need it? Quite simply, being taken in by the lungs and then being ferried all around the body by the blood.

Quite simply, it may seem, but not so simply as all that. If the blood were made of water alone, it could never take up enough oxygen for the wants of the body. The inside living tissues would suffocate. So there is this red stuff, hæmoglobin, in the blood. Hæmoglobin tacks on to itself in the lungs much more oxygen than water alone could absorb. Human blood, for instance, thanks to its hæmoglobin, can absorb thirty-eight times as much oxygen as pure water. And the hæmoglobin gives up the oxygen to the living parts of the body which continually require it.

But why is hæmoglobin red? It is red by accident, as it were. It is red for the same chance reason that red paint is red. Hæmoglobin would work just as well if it had no color at all. Yet this would have been a thousand pities. Not so much because we would have known no pink cheeks nor blushes. At least, so speaks the scientist. He is glad that blood is red because the very color gives him a means of studying this hæmoglobin.

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We must here make a slight digression into physical science and then return again to the question of the colors of blood. White light, as everyone knows, is composite light. It is made up of a number of different radiations, each having its own wave length. Each one of these radiations has its own distinctive color. All of them seen together give to our eyes the impression of white light. But, as Newton first showed, by making white light pass through a prism of glass, the different colored radiations can be separated from one another. After a beam of white light has passed through a glass prism, we see it as a band of colors. These colors have the familiar aspect of a rainbow. The band of colors is spoken of as a spectrum.

Any substance is red because it lacks the blue and green parts of the spectral colors. So if we put a transparent red object — say a glass vessel full of blood — in the path of the white light before it reaches the prism, then the spectrum which is produced no longer shows all the rainbow colors. It shows the red and yellow only. The blood has absorbed or stopped the violet, blue, and green radiations out of all of those which make up the white light. It has allowed the yellow and red alone to pass. So that, looking at the spectrum, we see red and yellow only. Such a spectrum is called an absorption spectrum.

A Fortunate Peculiarity

Whereas all colored stuffs act thus, some of them have a fortunate peculiarity. Take hæmoglobin, as an instance. Its absorption spectrum not only has all the violet, blue, and part of the green cut out. It allows red and yellow alone to pass, but even in the yellow two narrow regions of the spectrum are blotted out. They appear as narrow black bands in the spectrum. These absorption bands, as they are called, have each a definite wave length which can be measured. The bands in question are quite characteristic of hæmoglobin and of no other substance. It is a most fortunate chance for us that they exist. For hæmoglobin, like many other chemical substances which go to make up the living body, is an extremely complicated compound. So complicated is it that it defies ordinary chemical analysis. Yet by means of its very definite absorption spectrum it can be recognized and studied.

Hæmoglobin, when it has oxygen tacked on to it, has the two definite absorption bands in the yellow region of the spectrum, of

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which we have spoken. When no oxygen is attached to it the absorption spectrum is different. It is clear then what a powerful weapon is here in the hands of the physiologist. When hæmoglobin is present he can tell at a glance whether or not oxygen is attached to it, and he can even say what amount of oxygen is there by the degree of intensity of the absorption bands. In other words, by using the spectroscope (as the instrument containing a prism and lenses is called) the investigator can tell what the hæmoglobin is doing in different parts of its circuit through the body. In this way he finds out where and how oxygen is taken up from the air, or from the water in the case of fishes, and where and how the ferried oxygen is given up to the different parts of the living body.

But the usefulness of the absorption bands in the hæmoglobin spectrum does not end here. The complex molecule of hæmoglobin, by suitable chemical means, can in the laboratory be split up into simpler bodies. And these in turn can be broken down into yet simpler compounds. Now each of these breakdown products of hæmoglobin has its own proper absorption bands by which it can be recognized. Thus we can study optically the stuffs of which hæmoglobin is composed and their relationship to one another and to other chemical bodies found in animals. To take an example: we know by these means that hæmoglobin is related to chlorophyll, the green stuff in plants which plays such an important part in their life processes. Hæmoglobin contains iron attached to a colorless stuff called porphyrin, which has a definite absorption spectrum. Chlorophyll contains magnesium attached also to porphyrin.

Blue and Green Bloods

Thus the chemistry of these very complex substances, which in great part defy chemical analysis, can be studied optically. But they can be so studied owing solely to the lucky chance that they possess absorption bands. Most chemical substances do not. With the blue blood of the lobster or of the snail, for instance, we are not so fortunate. Such blood, examined with the spectroscope, shows a band of colors from which the red is missing. This is another way of saying that hæmocyanin, as the blue substance in crustacean and mollusc blood is called, is of a blue color. The red is missing. But there are no definite narrow absorption regions or bands in the spectrum in addition to the general extinction of

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the red. Our optical weapon fails us here. Consequently, we know much less of hæmocyanin than we do of hæmoglobin. We know only that it contains copper in place of iron.

This in itself presents a curious problem. Where do the animals find the copper? There is so little copper present in sea water that chemical analysis cannot detect it. Yet the octopus, the oyster, the sea snail, and the lobster pick up out of the sea water enough copper to build up the hæmocyanin of their blood. There is one still stranger case. A certain marine creature known as a sea squirt contains vanadium in its blood. Vanadium is one of the very rarest metals on the earth. It is most astonishing then that these humble sea beasts can find in sea water the vanadium which they require for their blood.

There are sea worms with bright green blood. The green stuff in their blood has the difficult name of chlorocruorin which simply means green blood. The word, undoubtedly, would serve as a splendid test for sobriety after a good dinner. This chlorocruorin has only been studied in the last year or two. Again spectroscopic methods have been used. We have seen above the great value of an absorption spectrum when such exists. It enables us to recognize and trace the relationships of bodies too complex for ordinary chemical analysis. But there is a further advantage. Exceedingly small quantities of substances can be studied by these optical methods. And frequently only very small amounts of the stuffs are obtainable. Sea worms, for instance, with their green blood, are so small that only a drop of blood can be obtained from them at a time. Even if chlorocruorin were a simple substance chemically, which it is not, insufficient quantities could be obtained for analysis. Yet with the spectroscope one can find out what the chlorocruorin is doing in the microscopic blood vessels themselves. It can be ascertained where the green substance takes up oxygen from the water, where it gives up oxygen to living cells, where it is broken down, where formed and so forth.

Chlorocruorin turns out to be nearly related chemically to hæmoglobin, although green not red. Its own absorption bands and those of its breakdown products are similar in pattern to those of hæmoglobin, although differing in wave length. The physicist knows that the chlorocruorin molecule is bigger even than that of hæmoglobin, since the absorption bands are nearer to the red end of the spectrum. Yet as a transporter of oxygen the green stuff is inferior to the red. It cannot take up as much oxygen

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as the latter. Indeed, it is in a sense ill adapted to the needs of the worms. Nature is often imperfect! For hæmoglobin can take up from air or water its full quota of oxygen, whereas chlorocruorin can take up more from pure oxygen than it can from air. Yet worms do not live in pure oxygen, so that they are ever making imperfect use of their chlorocruorin.

Origin of the Blood Colors

We must now touch on an immensely important aspect of the subject, which is totally new to science. This is the result of the researches of the last two years only. It is due largely to Dr. Keilin, a brilliant young investigator in Cambridge, England.

In the first place, let us inquire what animals possess hæmoglobin. It is present in the blood of all higher animals, of all creatures which the zoölogists class together as vertebrates. That is to say, the red blood pigment is found in all mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes but has a most spasmodic distribution among the lower animals. It is found here and there only, in animals quite unrelated to one another. Take a few examples. Among the insects hæmoglobin is most exceptional. It occurs only in the larva or young stage of a certain midge, the so-called blood worm, a wriggling creature found in ponds. Other insects have no hæmoglobin.

Among the molluscs or shelled animals it is found in one kind of pond snail. Other snails lack it. And so on through the series of lower animals. One exceptional kind possesses the stuff while all its numerous relations lack it. The green blood pigment chlorocruorin is the only substance existing in nature which is closely comparable to hæmoglobin. No other body has the same sort of chemical structure. Now, chlorocruorin is found only in a few marine worms. Other nearly related worms have hæmoglobin, while yet others have neither of the two stuffs in their colorless bodies.

This has always been a great puzzle to the zoölogist. For he is now quite convinced that the different sorts of animals represent the terminal branches of a great ancestral tree. All those alive to-day are descended lineally from common ancestors now extinct. Along each branch of the evolutionary tree special organs and structures have been developed to meet the needs of each sort of animal. Some have perfected eyes of a certain pattern; other lines of descent have a totally different type of eye. So too,

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one family possesses a given type of chemical make-up, while another family has a different one.

Thus it would have been expected that perhaps the vertebrated animals alone would have acquired this highly complex and useful substance, hæmoglobin. Or it might reasonably have been anticipated that the red blood stuff would have existed throughout several families while all others would have lacked it. In this way all animals in one family have a vertebral column while other families lack this structure. This is reasonable in view of the common ancestral heritage of each group of animals. But all the evolutionary theory would be upset if occasional insects or odd worms possessed vertebræ while all others lacked such a backbone. How, then, does it come about that odd and unrelated creatures here and there in the animal kingdom develop hæmoglobin or chlorocruorin?

Blood in Plants

The answer to this puzzle is at last to hand. Dr. Keilin conceived the brilliant and absurdly simple idea of adapting the spectroscope to look at thick pieces of living tissue. Hitherto the spectroscope had been employed to examine transparent liquids or thin layers of living matter only, through which light can easily be made to pass. But now, by means of a specially intense system of illumination, the spectroscope has been utilized to examine the light passing through a thick piece of muscle, half a potato, or a paste of the yeast germ, and this procedure has led to a most surprising result. For all of these objects when examined with the spectroscope show absorption bands which had never been suspected. In other words they possess inside them some chemical substance which stops certain of the light radiations. It is, then, a colored substance. Only it is present in such exceedingly minute quantities that it does not appreciably color the potato or muscle. Yet, when a thick layer of living substance is so investigated, there is sufficient of the colored stuff present to give absorption bands in the spectrum of the light passing through.

And what does the particular absorption spectrum so revealed tell us? In the first place, identical absorption bands are seen in all living tissues. They are present in almost all plants and all animal tissues. They are shown equally by our own flesh, by that of insects, by the stems and leaves of plants, by microbes. Here, then, is

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something that is most fundamentally concerned with life. But when the wave lengths of the absorption bands are exactly measured, a yet more surprising result emerges. For the spectrum shows that the stuff in question is a near relation to hæmoglobin.

This newly discovered, omnipresent chemical substance has been named cytochrome. It is, as stated, a near relative to hæmoglobin. It will be recalled that hæmoglobin can be decomposed in the laboratory to a series of more and more simple compounds ending in a stuff called porphyrin. Cytochrome stands halfway along this series. The startling conclusion emerges, then, that a substance nearly related to the red blood pigment is present in all living matter. All the microscopic cells of which living tissues are composed, whether in animals, or in plants, or in microbes, possess this cytochrome.

From this it is clear that the mysteriously spasmodic occurrence of hæmoglobin or chlorocruorin in the lower animals is explicable. It is no longer a contradiction of the principles of evolution that just a few totally unrelated organisms have these blood pigments. For all animals without exception possess the building stones, so to speak, out of which hæmoglobin may be elaborated. Just here and there, in favorable circumstances, the building materials which go to make cytochrome have gone one step further in complexity to give hæmoglobin.

The Mechanism of Life

This is a great forward step in biological science, but it by no means exhausts the interest of cytochrome. Rather this is a minor matter compared to the fundamental significance of the blood-like stuff now known to exist in all animals and plants. For this so called cytochrome turns out to play an essential part in the mysterious processes of life. It is no mere accidental adjunct to living matter or protoplasm. Far from being an accidental or purposeless component, cytochrome is a necessary portion of protoplasm which throughout life plays an active rôle.

It is well known to all that oxygen is necessary to life. Without breathing, which means taking in oxygen from the outside world, all or nearly all animals and plants suffocate and die. The only rare exceptions are certain microbes and parasitic worms. Now, what becomes of this all-essential oxygen? What

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does it do in the living body to make it so indispensable? The oxygen absorbed in the lungs of man or into the gills of fish or through the general body surface of worms or plants, is transported throughout the living organism. It reaches all their most inner parts. It may be carried attached to the hæmoglobin of the blood, as we have seen, or it may simply diffuse through the living tissues of animals lacking hæmoglobin or of plants. These lead less active lives than the higher animals and need less oxygen. Thus they can get along without hæmoglobin. Oxygen dissolved in the water of their bodies suffices them. Nevertheless oxygen they must have, and it must reach all parts of their bodies.

What is the necessity of this oxygen? Simply to combine with, or oxidize as the chemist puts it, certain constituents of the protoplasm or living substance. This oxidation, just like the burning of coal, furnishes the energy which enables the other chemical processes which constitute life to go on. Living tissues may be best compared to a chemical laboratory. In the protoplasm chemical changes are unceasingly taking place. The stuffs absorbed from food are built up into the complex bodies which make up protoplasm. Chemical reactions are going on which result in the movement of muscles, and so on. And the energy for all these chemical combinations and breakdowns is furnished by oxidation. The oxygen absorbed in respiration unites with some of the constituents of protoplasm. The resulting energy is utilized to bring about other chemical processes which constitute life.

After this digression let us return to the all-present cytochrome. What part does it play in the story?

The spectroscope has revealed that cytochrome shows two different kinds of absorption spectra. For it can attach oxygen to itself just as hæmoglobin can. And it can give up this oxygen to other substances. When living yeast, or a piece of fresh muscle, is examined in the presence of air, one type of absorption spectrum is seen. But if the air supply is shut off, the living yeast cells or muscle tissues use up the oxygen and a second type of absorption appears. If now the air supply is renewed again, the original spectrum reappears. In other words, the cytochrome acts as an intermediary in the all-essential oxidations of living matter. Cytochrome picks up oxygen from the air or water or surrounding blood whenever oxygen is available. Then cytochrome hands on this oxygen to the other stuffs in living protoplasm which are to be oxidized in order to supply the energy for life.

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The all-important purpose which cytochrome plays in the economy of nature is seen in another way. For all living tissues do not contain equal quantities of the substances. Some types of living cells have much, others little of it. Now it is just those tissues which have a more active life which contain most. Take muscles for example. The most active muscle known is the wing muscle of insects. This muscle contracts at the amazing rate of several hundred times a second. And just this kind of muscle contains more cytochrome than any other living matter. This is simply because the chemical changes in insect wing muscles, which result in the very rapid contractions, require great supplies of oxygen to get so much energy. Thus a relatively great quantity of cytochrome is present here. In contrast to this, the slow-moving leg muscles of the same insects have very little cytochrome in them. They need little energy and therefore little oxygen.

Consider then, in conclusion, what service the spectroscope has rendered, and what luck it is that hæmoglobin and cytochrome possess spectra with absorption bands. Had this not been so, much less would have been known to-day of the rôle played by hæmoglobin in oxygen transport in the blood. Nevertheless something would have been found out, for large animals with big volumes of blood can supply enough hæmoglobin for ordinary chemical analysis. By such purely chemical means it can be ascertained that less oxygen is attached to the hæmoglobin in the veins, leaving the tissues, than in the arteries going to them.

But absolutely nothing would have been discovered concerning the all-important and omnipresent cytochrome. For it is in such minute quantities that no investigation could have been made on ordinary chemical lines. Only the fortunate accident that cytochrome differs from most chemical substances by having absorption bands has permitted its study. It is by this means alone that we have come to know in the last year or so that cytochrome, the near relation of hæmoglobin, is distributed throughout the plant and animal kingdoms and that it plays such an essential rôle in life processes.

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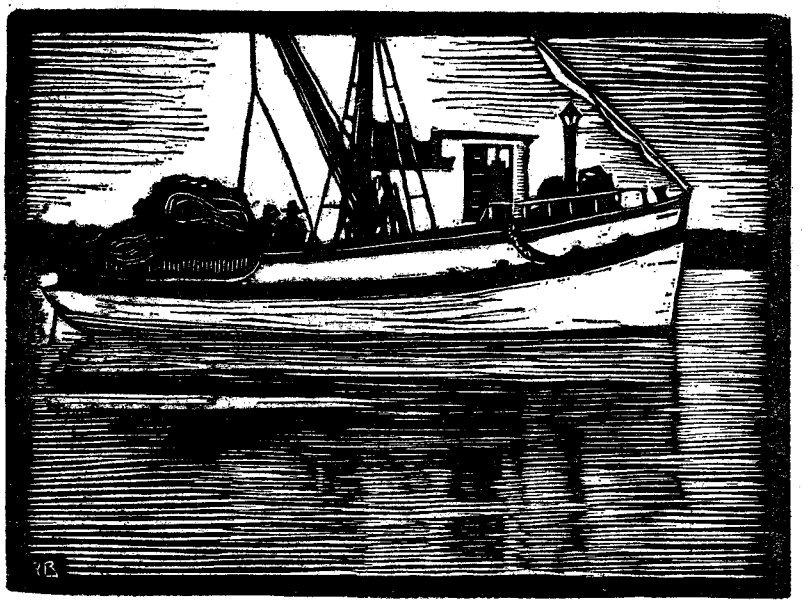

· PUGET SOUND ·
WOODCUTS
BY
RICHARD BENNETT
TEXT BY GLENN HUGHES

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QUIET MOORINGS

Geometry in terms of wood. Angles and planes contrive to form a pattern that excites the eye and stirs the imagination. From the fixed, decisive outlines of the ship and her mooring-place, one turns occasionally to observe the fluidity of reflections in the water, the wriggling shadows of uneven piles

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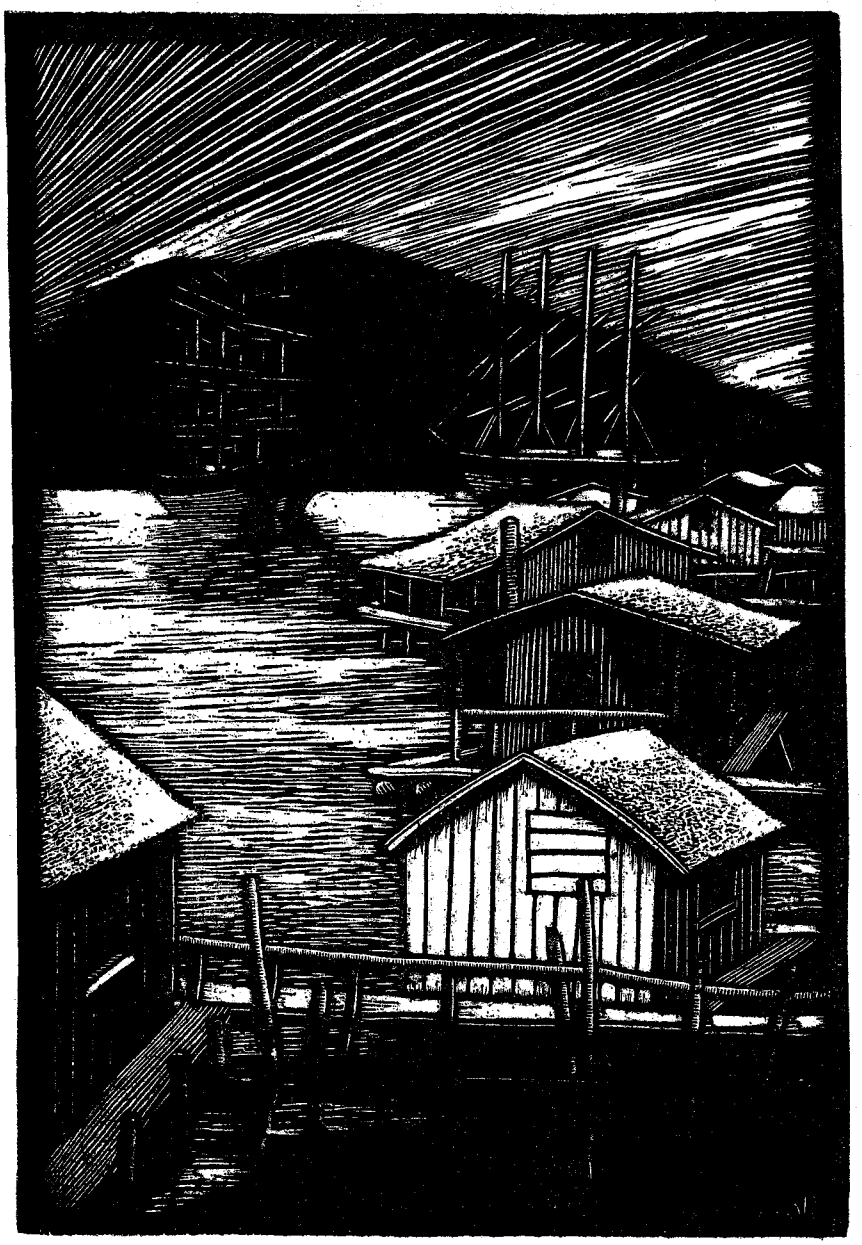

LAKE UNION, SEATTLE

The houses of people who, even in the heart of a city, cannot live away from water. The house boat people sleep to the music of softly slapping waves, of creaking planks, and their dreams are shadowed by dark hulls and by masts that reach above the slanting profile of darker hills

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PIONEER RUIN

A neglected shrine of the pioneer spirit. First the dark forest, then the clearing, finally a habitation. Conceived as a home, it later becomes a shed and ends by housing only the wind. Its cedar slabs fall away and unite with the soil from which they sprang

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SUNRISE

The strength of the forest now set upon the sea. Close against the pier the ship seems but an extension of the timbered land behind her — a ponderous projection of earthly forces. Her bulk obscures the sunrise, and her sturdiness contrasts strangely with the pulsing agitation of the lighted sky

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DEMOCRACY'S DILEMMA

Is the Nation Encroaching on Our Rights?

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

MORE government was the demand of Professor Munro of Harvard, in the January FORUM. *Less government is the demand of Senator Underwood. But both authors agree in deploring the alarming growth of Federal powers. Professor Munro would meet the problem by setting up "regional" governments, midway between state and nation. Senator Underwood, as becomes a Southern statesman, is a champion of states' rights. He believes the national government is also encroaching on citizens' rights.*

WHEN I served my time at the legislative wheel of the government, I was constantly aware of the conflict between the political expediency yielded to by Congress and the fundamental principles of free government, on which rest the rights and the liberties of the people of the United States. I promised myself then that, by way of an apology for the compromises I was at times compelled to accept, I would some day point out how we had drifted away from the ideals of the great men that founded our Republic. The principles on which rest the justice and safety of free government are as fixed and as unchanging as the stars in the firmament and the tides of the sea. They are the accumulated wisdom of man and have come down to us through the trials and disasters of the past ages. They enable the honest legislator — with safety to those he represents and without the danger of becoming lost in the fogs of selfishness, greed, and corruption — to sail the uncharted seas of the new issues and new conditions that confront him, and to avoid the rocks of cruelty, oppression, and despotism.

Those who adhere to the theory of our Revolutionary fathers believe the citizen should possess entire independence, except in so far as it is necessary for him to surrender a part of his unrestricted personal liberty in order that he may enjoy the blessings of organized society. The men who organized our Republic believed in individualism. They held the individual's rights to be his own, to control and master as he might think best, so long as he did not trespass on the rights, or interfere with the liberties, of his neighbors. They cleared the way through a trackless forest and laid the foundation for the building of the greatest industrial empire the world has ever known; but they inaugurated their national life with the declaration that the less the government of

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the United States meddled in their affairs, the better off they would be.

To-day, we are like a caravan in the desert that has been in a sandstorm, with the old landmarks swept away. Before it can continue its march, it must determine its present location — and so must we. The drifting sands of party politics, the desire to win the immediate battle, the apprehension lest the failure to yield to organized pressure may sacrifice a political future, and a score of even less creditable motives have oftentimes blinded the eyes of public representatives to the great principles of free government.

If the government was made for the people, and not the people for the government, then what are its essential features in which the common mass of the people — not the special interests — have most at stake? What kind of government will prove most beneficial to them?

Advocates of the socialistic and communistic schools of thought may answer that the government should at all times direct the affairs and supply the wants of the citizen; should be a good father and mother to the immature child; and should employ the intelligence of the "best minds" to conduct the school of paternalism. The believer in natural rights and individual liberty, on the other hand, will contend that God did not create man to wear the shackles of restraint, no matter from what source they are imposed; and he will strive for the utmost individual freedom consistent with the limitations of organized society.

The People Pay

We must always bear in mind that the burdens of government rest ultimately on the people who live under it, and that in the last analysis it is the worker who pays the bill. We may try to fool ourselves into the belief that taxes levied on wealth are not a burden on the worker; but just a little information and a few sums in addition will show that if accumulated wealth really carried the burden of after-war taxation it would soon be exhausted. Only because it is able to shift the load to other shoulders, can it carry on at all.

What a paternalistic government proposes to do for the people, in the end the people pay for — plus the greatly added price of commissions and salaries to those who engage in its administration. But the money cost is not the sole cost in paternal government. Restricted freedom, dishonest and usually Pharisaical

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interference with the individual in the home, in the business office, in religion, in recreation are also costs — and far more serious.

We must, therefore, go back to first principles of government and ascertain where the legislative compass pointed when our government was organized. The writings and speeches of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and scores of other immortals show that the government contemplated by the fathers was not paternalistic in its tendencies. The ideal to which they aspired was to leave the several states as much independence, and to the citizens as much personal liberty, as was consistent with a government that could foster our foreign and domestic commerce and protect our people from a foreign foe. Indeed, the fear that, under the Constitution, too much power might be centralized in the Federal government, came very near to defeating that instrument in the state conventions that adopted it. In some of the smaller states the ratification was accomplished without a serious contest; but in other states, like Virginia, the final vote was comparatively close and the battle for ratification was a severe contest between great intellects. I think it can be said without contradiction that promises were made in advance by James Madison and those closely associated with him, who stood for ratification, that immediately after the organization of the new government they would support amendments guaranteeing the citizens of the several states against encroachment by the Federal government on their rights and liberties.

As part of this understanding, Article X of the Federal Constitution was agreed to. Unless the people of the states had understood that by way of amendment there should be a guarantee of the reservation to the several states of the powers not expressly delegated to the central government, the ratification of the Constitution would have failed.

Let me quote that Article here:

> The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

This constituted an agreement between the states favoring the policy of least government, a government confined strictly to delegated powers expressly given. From that position we have drifted far afield, largely by interpretations which the courts have made to draw the scattered fragments of power together to make

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a coördinated governmental machine. This may have been necessary to make a strong government, but it must be borne in mind that the original interpretation of the courts, drifting toward centralization, was the massing together of governmental power for protection only.

As yet, the breaking down of the clear intendment of the Tenth Article had not gone so far as to invade the rights and the liberties of the citizen. More than one hundred years passed before the real attack on the constitutional guarantee of local self-government and individual right was begun, and then it came because Congress surrendered the constitutional rights of the people at the behest of organized minorities, and the courts gave interpretations which, in part, sustained the centralizing tendencies of the Congress.

Let us bear in mind that the best brains and the best energies of our people are given to production. Politics are now, and always have been, of secondary interest to most Americans — and there the danger lies. It enables the few who organize for political control to absorb the power of government in their own interests, before the mass of the people realize what is happening. Special interests are always ready to break down constitutional limitations and ride roughshod over the rights of others. It is much easier to accomplish these purposes through the power of one central government, than in the legislatures of forty-eight separate states. Therefore these interests are ready at all times to combat the first principle of our government — the maintenance of the integrity of our sovereign states.

In the first hundred years of our history, we stood steadfastly by the principles our fathers had left us, even though at one time a foreign army occupied our capital and at another time the country was divided by internecine strife. We stood steadfast in the years of doubt and disaster, yet, when we had achieved the very summit of our greatness and power, we surrendered the "Ark of the Covenant" to the despoilers of our liberty, because the vested political power of the country had not the courage to deny the demands of the organized classes in the nation. Since the first Congress, laws have been passed establishing taxes at our customhouses on foreign goods. I mention this, not as an argument either for or against the merits of protective tariff or free trade, but rather to show the first and, I may say also, the latest effort of a special class of our citizens to divert the great

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power of government, the right to tax the people to raise revenue, to a selfish purpose, to benefit the favored few. Congress has established various banking and currency systems for the country, another illustration of the tendency of our government to drift further and further toward central control, even of necessary and useful functions of government.

Other legislation was designed to establish bureaus of the Federal government to control the children of our country; and an amendment to the Constitution was drafted centralizing in the government of the United States the power to direct the welfare of our children. I refer to this merely to indicate how far we may go — under a mistaken notion of our call to "help suffering humanity" — in tearing to shreds the very fabric of the home life that has been ours from the dawn of our civilization to the hour when state socialism endeavored to usurp the place of the father and the mother in controlling the lives of their children.

Legislative incidents of 1917–18 indicate how principle and precedent are lost in the sea of passion and prejudice that engulfs a nation involved in war. The prohibition amendment is another example of the travesty of government that this misdirected centralization of power has brought upon the people in many states of our Union.

Government by Commission

I think I have gone far enough to establish beyond doubt the legislative drift away from the original intendment of the drafters of our Constitution, though, in truth, the story has not been half told. There are more than a hundred divisions, commissions, and bureaus, which have been established by the Congress within the last three decades, empowered to make by decree rules and regulations affecting the lives and business of the people of the United States. Let us examine two of them.

Not the least among these commissions, in power and influence over the business destiny of the country is the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is true that the Constitution gives the Congress the right to regulate commerce among the several states; and it is clearly within its power to do so. But the regulation of interstate commerce can be accomplished by fixed and definite rules established by law, or it can be controlled by regulations adopted by a commission to whom the Congress has transferred its powers.

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The Congress adopted the latter method. The original act was approved February 4, 1887, in Mr. Cleveland's first administration. It provided for a commission consisting of five members and was intended to encourage competition among the railroads and to discourage discrimination favoring certain shippers. It was neither drastic nor far-reaching in its terms; but through amendments known as the "Elkins Law" in 1903, the "Hepburn Act" in 1906, the "Mann-Elkins Act" in 1910, together with radical changes made by the Acts of 1912, 1917, and 1920, plenary power to regulate interstate commerce was gradually given to the Commission.

The law to regulate commerce applies to all common carriers engaged in the transportation of passengers or commodities except water carriage, and natural or artificial gas by pipe lines. It includes telegraph, telephone, and cable companies. It also applies to express and sleeping car companies, to bridges, ferries, car floats, and lighters, all terminal and transportation facilities used or necessary in the interstate transportation of persons and property, and all instrumentalities and messages by the use of electric energy.

The law to regulate commerce requires all rates to be just and reasonable, and prohibits unjust discrimination and undue or unreasonable preferences or advantages in transportation rates or facilities. The purpose of the law is to protect the traveling and shipping public from unjust treatment and unreasonable discriminations. In the main it has been well administered, but it has placed enormous power in the hands of a single bureau. Their interpretation of what is just and reasonable and what does not discriminate is uncertain, as it changes with the human viewpoint, and is therefore not always a safe guide for the future, whereas the law remains steadfast until it is repealed.

Through the united action of the Congress in enacting the law, of the Interstate Commerce Commission in construing it, and of the Supreme Court of the United States in determining the constitutional limitations that affect the law and its construction, we have finally arrived at a status in which the final accomplishment is the limitation of the earning power of the capital invested in inland transportation enterprises. I do not mean to say that this is the only accomplishment of the Commission, not at all. The incidental work of the Commission is helpful to the public, but the Commission was organized to prevent discrimination and provide

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reasonable rates for carriage of persons and property. The limitation of the earning capacity of capital is one thing; the securing of reasonable charges for transportation is another; and the one does not always mean the other.

What the public wants and what the public is entitled to have from a public service corporation is fair service and reasonable freight and passenger rates. The public should not have its business burdened with rates based on what the traffic will bear; but is it just to prevent a well-managed corporation from earning good dividends for its stockholders, provided it has first rendered fair and efficient service to the public at reasonable cost? The present basis of regulation does not guarantee the desired accomplishment. The horse seems to be hitched to the wrong end of the cart to pull efficiently either for the shipping public or for the transportation companies.

By the results of the regulation of interstate transportation we may judge of the benefits to the people. In the last thirty years the railway service has greatly improved and unjust discriminations have in the main been abolished; but that would have come about had the Commission not been organized. On the other hand, freight and passenger rates have largely increased. The question why may have a thousand answers; but it is manifest that when the basis of regulation is placed on the limitation of the earning capacity of the public service corporation and not on reasonable compensation for service rendered, the incentive for economy in management has been taken away from the capital invested.

It is idle to predict what might have happened under other circumstances; and yet it seems probable that if the Congress in the beginning had not surrendered its power to a bureau, but had prescribed by law fair and reasonable rates for service rendered in interstate transportation and allowed the other problem to be worked out by the interested parties, the people — who asked no favors and expected none — would have been better off.

More Regulation

How far big business could have been controlled in its desire to dictate commodity prices and destroy competition by the process of criminal statutes, is, as yet, an unsolved problem. Big business wanted to avoid the indictment process and pleaded for Federal regulation to supplement the Clayton Act for control rather than

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for destruction of its huge industrial combinations. The Congress declared unfair methods of competition illegal and created a new government bureau in 1914, the Federal Trade Commission, authorizing it to coöperate with business men in establishing equitable prices.

Now, the powers granted to this commission are both legal and economic. The law provides that whenever the commission has reason to believe that any person, partnership, or corporation, except banks and common carriers, has been or is using any unfair method of competition in commerce, and whenever it appears to the commission that a proceeding by it would be in the interest of the public, it shall take jurisdiction of the issues involved and proceed to try the case and render judgment in the premises, subject to an appeal to the Circuit Court of the United States.

No one can doubt that the Federal Trade Commission has had delegated to it sufficient power to regulate commerce in the interest of the public and to restrain monopoly organized in restraint of trade. It has even been given the power to investigate and initiate action. It can be the grand jury, the prosecutor, and the judge, three functions operating in one commission. In other words, to use a frontier expression, it is "the whole shooting match" within itself, and can function on its own responsibility.

What benefits have the public received from the commission to justify the expenditure of the money necessary for its maintenance? It has made some useful investigations; it has rendered some judgments satisfactory to the public; but if the country is any nearer the suppression of monopoly in restraint of trade, the public has not found it out.

In the last analysis we are constrained to ask ourselves the question: Why did the Congress surrender its powers to a commission to negotiate with big business about its desire to consolidate, rather than protect the public interest through the criminal penalties of the Sherman and the Clayton Anti-Trust Laws?

I have discussed only a couple of the various divisions, boards commissions, and bureaus to which the power of the Congress has been delegated and which are day by day centralizing the functions of government in Washington and destroying independent action by the states. The real issue involved is not the expediency of the action in each case, but the question whether Congress

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abandoned fundamental principle when it surrendered the power given it under the Constitution to agents appointed by the President — not directly responsible to the people and often unable to visualize the needs of the people they govern by their rules and regulations.

Commissions and Privilege

There is another grave reason why the power of government should not be entrusted to bureaus and commissions. Although the persons appointed to hold these offices are almost universally honest and capable, still they are human and subject to the frailities of human nature. They seldom come in contact with the mass of the population whom they are supposed to serve. The special interests are, on the other hand, always ably and powerfully represented, by agents who know exactly when and where to strike. The result is that a bureau, originally created to guard the rights of the public, may ultimately become the first line of defense for those who seek for privilege at the hand of the government.

It is easy to criticize; it is difficult to construct. What I have said about the tendency of the Congress to surrender the power delegated to it by the people, to bureaus appointed by the President, and the inevitable drift from a government of law to a government of men, is not intended as criticism of the lawmakers who are responsible for the changing conditions. It is my purpose to raise the danger signal and call attention to the movement of our government away from the basic principles established in the beginning, which carried us through the building of the new republic until we became one of the world's great nations. There is much truth in the observation that special interests, in one guise or another, are more potent in controlling the legislation by which the country is governed, than the political parties.

André Siegfried, in his analysis of American political life, considering the ultimate sources of political power, very pertinently remarks:

> The country accepts the existence of a political class who are pursuing the interest of their own parties, and it pays them a heavy commission in order to be able to use their intervention and their equipment; but it does not let them handle anything vital, for in the end they are the slaves of public opinion. The real strength of the country, therefore, does not lie in the political machine, but in the interests, the convictions, and the passions that make use of the

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machine. Were it not that the public allows itself to be led away by highly organized propaganda, it would indeed be a perfect type of democracy.

One may challenge this view of our political control. It comes from a foreigner, looking on from the outside. But often the spectator, who is not involved in the conflict, has a better vision of the battle than the combatants. In language that is more brutal than considerate, then, let me suggest that the Democratic Party is less powerful in affairs of the government than organized labor, the Anti-Saloon League, or the Protestant Churches; and that the Republican Party must stop, look, and listen when organized big business or the Ku Klux Klan waves the red flag at the legislative crossing.

Can the country afford to acquiesce in a system that follows no governmental principles in its control and drifts with the demands and desires of special classes who have no public purpose, striving simply to further their own interests?

Class Struggle

Our people are fully alive to the methods by which laws are made or changed. Each organized group of citizens, impelled by class desire, endeavors to reflect its own ideals into our government by a change of law in its own interest, regardless what may be the ultimate injury resulting to other citizens of the United States.

If we were a small country and a homogeneous people, affected by the same climatic, agricultural, industrial, and racial conditions, the impulse of selfish desire or religious antagonism would of necessity correct itself. But the uncontrolled desires, whether induced by humanitarian motives, religious purpose, or personal impulse of a majority of the people, when crystallized into the law of the Federal government, may work grievous harm to our great communities whose economic, moral, and climatic environment are unsuited to the changed conditions forced upon them.

When the government is only the reflection of the sentiment of the local community it is quite possible for discordant elements to adjust their differences without serious injury to those in the minority; but when the injured minority is far removed from the controlling majority by distance and political sentiment, revolution is more than likely to follow in the footsteps of oppression. The encroachments of the Federal government on the rights of the state governments has made this unhappy condition in our

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country possible by attempting to set up moral, economic, and educational standards that are nation-wide in their influence and consequences.

Most of the evils of government we suffer from to-day would have been avoided had the legislature followed the principles proclaimed as the pillars of strength that sustained our Federal Union in the beginning and inhibited the United States government from attempting sovereign dictation in the religious attitude, the business needs, and the life habits of the people.

Let me recall again Mr. Jefferson's prophetic words, "Our country is too large to have its affairs directed by a single government." If we are wise, truly patriotic, and visualize the peace, prosperity, and happiness of all of the people of the United States of America as the great ideal to be obtained by good government, then, to begin with, selfishness must be eliminated from legislation and the condition and the viewpoint of our neighbors must be recognized and given the same consideration as our own. We can do this intelligently only when we know our neighbors and the conditions that surround them. Let central government at Washington refrain from the invasion of habits, customs, morals, and home life of the people and leave these matters to the determination of local governments.

Can We Get Back Our Government?

Our danger lies not in a majority of the mass of all the people, whether they live in the North or the South, the East or the West, but in majorities of legislative bodies — swayed by the fear of the organized blocs, classes, and clans who have taken it upon themselves to govern our country in order that they may achieve political power, business, or class advancement, and ethical progress.

As André Siegfried says,

> Nowhere else in the world are associations so powerful as in the United States, and especially if they have some social or religious propaganda in view. The good will, the funds, and the devotion at their command are enormous. With their excellent equipment and varied activity, they are the real expression of the community, and they enable it to carry out definite programs of reform. The reverse of the medal, however, is almost alarming, for their unrestricted influence on public opinion is positively dangerous.

The ambitions of such associations know no limit. They would gladly seize the entire power of government in their efforts to

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advance class conditions or to fix hard and fast rules for the moral uplift of the world.

No system could be more productive of bad government for the individual citizen than class organizations to direct the destiny of our country for their own purposes. What can be done to overthrow the rule of class and return to the simple government of the people, which held its own fairly well from the days of the Revolution to the dawning of the twentieth century? It cannot be accomplished by decrees of law against class organization, the expenditure of enormous campaign funds, or the meetings of secret political societies. For if past experience has taught anything, it is that the struggle for self-advancement with power behind it, where the reward is worth while, will in the end nullify the law that stands in the way.

The plain people are not organized; they have no agents at the capital of the nation to protect their interest; they are often misinformed and misled by untruthful propaganda. There is but one safe course to pursue, so far as our national government is concerned. That is to remove the temptation for class advancement through political power — the rewards that associations battle for.

The men and women of America who desire the preservation of their individual rights under the Constitution of their country and are opposed to the establishment of a system of paternalism in the United States, must above all else and at all times stand steadfast to the first principles of government, and see to it that their representatives in Congress do not sacrifice principle under any circumstances, no matter how alluring the bait may be.

We should divorce the Federal government from any intimate association in the domestic affairs of the people; confine its active function to the national endeavor contemplated in the beginning; as far as possible abolish the numerous boards, commissions, and bureaus that are now exercising powers of government. We should confine the power to exercise legislative discretion to the Congress of the United States and maintain the power to execute the laws in the hands of the president, where power and responsibility may be united in one person; allow only the courts of the land to pass judgment that affects the rights and liberties of the citizen.

In other words, we should abolish the discretions that are now vested in a bureaucratic government and restore in its entire integrity the government of law we inherited from our fathers.

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POEMS ABOUT PETER

· LYSBETH BOYD BORIE ·

SCISSOR-CUTS BY LISL HUMMEL

GREATY-GREAT GRANNIE

My Greaty-great Grannie is terribly small
And she smells just like a sachet.
She twinkles and she winkles
And she's full of funny wrinkles
But she always has a pretzel
tucked away!

My Greaty-great Grannie is terribly old.
I guess she's as old as can be.
She teases and she squeezes
And she sneezes funny sneezes
But she always has a pretzel
just for me!

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SAINT PETER

Saint Peter, you and I
Ought to meet each other —
Having Peter for a name
Makes me sort of brother.

You have shiny, golden wings,
I have only feet,
But if we were racing,
Bet that I could beat!

You've a shiny, golden crown,
I have just a hat,
But if we counted freckles,
Bet I'd win at that!

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You've a shiny, golden harp,
I have just a horn,
But you never heard such noise
Since you were born!

Saint Peter, you and I
Ought to meet each other —
Having Peter for a name
Makes me sort of brother.

(O, I forgot that you are old
And I am only young,
Just the same, I bet that I have
Much the longest tongue.)

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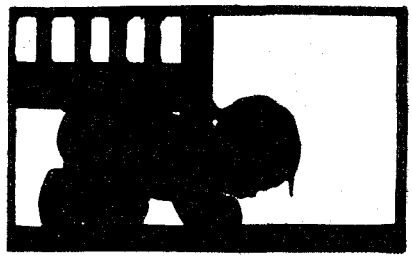

SATURDAY TOWELS

Under the bed
Away up stairs,
I like to pretend
Is a den for bears.

It's cool up there
When the yard is hot,
Sometimes it's dusty
And sometimes it's not.

So I lie very still
Hardly breathing at all
Till I hear black shoes
Coming down the hall,

Till Mary brings in
The Saturday towels.
Then I scramble out
With the awfullest yowls,

With the awfullest, awfullest
Sort of a roar,
And she drops the towels
And runs for the door.

Then I laugh and I laugh,
For, don't you see,
She thinks it's a bear
But it's only Me!

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THREE THINGS TO DO

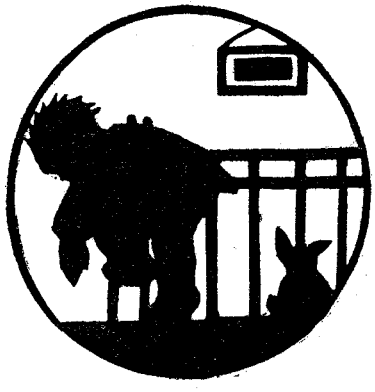
My Izzy puts me in my square
And goes away and leaves me there,

She knows because I'm in my pen
She needn't think of me again.

Now there are just three things to do
Get up or down or poke out through,

And when those three things all are done
There's no way left of having fun.

One day I threw my Piggy out
And broke the button off his snout,



So now they give me only toys
With soft insides that make a noise.

It isn't fair to go away
And leave a little boy to play

When there are just three things to do —
Get up or down or poke out through.

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CHOOSING ONE'S CHILDREN

Sidestepping the Stork

A YOUNG MOTHER

BIRTH control is peculiarly the problem of the young mother of our day, when families grow steadily more and more expensive. This necessarily anonymous comment on preceding articles dealing with the same subject is of special significance because it represents the attitude of a modern girl who believes that she has reached a satisfactory solution of the problem which every young married couple of average income must face. Domesticity without parenthood is, she asserts, right and justifiable in every way.

THE Church hurls condemnation on the modern unfruitful marriage. A sociologist marshals facts and figures to expose the grave danger to the permanence of the State engendered by the prevailing tendency toward small families. A busy doctor takes time from his profession to pen an earnest article decrying the current widespread practice of contraception; and our elders in general point with scorn at a generation too selfish to assume the "burdensome but rewarding" business of child rearing. We are, they say, keeping our families down to a "miserly minimum" and they warn us that "in our selfishness we are sacrificing our birthright, the greatest influence in character development, for what usually turns out to be a mess of pottage." It is high time that some of us young parents who are voluntarily limiting the number of our children should rise to defend our course.

Unquestionably, birth control does enable selfish individuals to escape their responsibility, but that the majority of us are actuated by any such motive I utterly deny. With Katherine Fullerton Gerould, I believe that "the pure egotists are fewer than the muckrakers pretend." The young married people of to-day are not shirking parenthood because they prefer material comforts and a care-free existence to the blessings of family life. They are eager to have children, — those of our wide acquaintance, at any rate, — but they face obstacles their forbears were never called upon to meet.

Most generally recognized among these is the present high cost of living. That in itself makes for later marriages and hence, even without voluntary limitation, smaller families. City rentals are wofully high in good neighborhoods, and space wholly inadequate for the requirements of young children; while outside the city

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rentals are not only high but very scarce. In consequence, since most couples cannot finance the purchase of a house at the outset, they must pay for lodging alone a sum out of all proportion to their income, choosing either a diminutive but convenient apartment in the city or more spacious, less attractive quarters outside, where, to offset the advantages of suburban life, they encounter the extra expenses of commutation and of fuel.

The summer before Gareth and I were married, we worked out a detailed budget in order to make sure we were not undertaking more than we could carry through. The income we should have to draw on the first year — though decidedly below the usual conception of a minimum and much beneath our standard of living at college — was adequate, we thought, for a start. Yet when we had listed the probable expense of rent, heat and light, food, operating, commutation and travel (meaning one trip a year between New York and our former homes in Boston, besides vacation), dues, taxes and insurance, dentist and doctor, church and charity, gifts and recreation, personal expenses and clothing (a ridiculously small allowance), we had exceeded our income by more than sixty dollars — and our savings column was still a blank! And this though we had budgeted only sixty cents a day per person for food, twenty-five dollars for dental and medical fees the first year, and but forty-two dollars a month for rent! In that last item we were extraordinarily fortunate, most of our friends in similar circumstances having to allow sixty to seventy-five dollars a month for a tiny apartment while we rejoiced in a five-room Dutch colonial cottage all to ourselves. But that is a separate story.

"What if there is a baby?" inquired two alarmed mothers when we laughingly confided our plight.

"There just can't *be* a baby," we replied, and there wasn't. But what would have happened if we hadn't known how to avoid it? What *does* happen to young people who are ignorant? Many a father and mother could tell.

Did we do wrong to marry, frankly unwilling to become parents as we then were? There are those who would answer yes. I cannot feel so. In the two years before our first little daughter was born, Gareth and I gained an understanding, an appreciation of each other that would have been impossible, I believe, had the adjustments entailed by the advent of children been added to the

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many — physical emotional, intellectual — that must be made by every husband and wife during the first twelve months.

Other considerations besides financial stress may render temporary postponement of family cares desirable. Take, for instance, the case of Madeleine, the irresponsible little butterfly daughter of well-to-do parents. Long before she was old enough to come out, she fell in love with a young midshipman, and he with her. Upon his graduation from the Naval Academy, when she was but eighteen, still immature in mind and wholly unversed in the art of home-making, she was permitted to marry him. Before her nineteenth birthday she had borne him a child, yet she is no more a mother, in the full sense of the word, than her own baby. How much better it would have been, had she given herself time to master her wifely duties before taking on those of a mother! As it is, she succeeds in neither.

No, we young people of America hold that we have a right to domesticity without parenthood, if, for certain reasons, the latter appears unwise. Mrs. Gerould, writing on "The Plight of the Genteel," touches on this point.

"For many generations," she says, "English and Americans have been working towards an ideal of romantic marriage. The marriage of convenience and the marriage of inclination lead to somewhat different conceptions of 'the family.' To the man or woman who has married romantically, — if romance endures, — the mate comes first. The prejudice against having children when the income is moderate is not nearly so often as the fanatics believe the outcome of personal selfishness. These men and women are not afraid of being sacrificed themselves; they are afraid of having the beloved sacrificed. Though the result may be the same, the psychology is different." My own experience and the testimony of friends confirm the truth of her words.

Every man who sets out to found a home these days ought, for his own peace of mind, to have a sum of money set aside as a margin of safety, yet that is an exceedingly difficult thing for a young man to accomplish. If he marries early, he has rarely been able to save more than enough to furnish a home; and his income during the first year or two is sure to be consumed by the ordinary household expenses, so that no savings beyond life insurance are possible. Like everything else, the cost of babies is high, of first babies especially, notwithstanding that they arrive at a period when their parents can least afford the expense. A young man

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cognizant of these facts is likely to hesitate about undertaking family ties, not because he is selfish, not because he ranks personal freedom above a home, but because he feels a righteous desire to "get somewhere," to justify the faith of his relatives and of the girl he loves.

Few men in their early twenties are convinced that the work in which they are engaged is their life work. Most of them are still searching for the vocation that shall satisfy the spirit within and give scope to their ambition. When they marry, they know they must renounce that search in order to provide for wife and children, since thereafter they cannot afford to relinquish an assured income for an alluring but uncertain opportunity. Is it to be wondered that so many postpone marriage till later years or, marrying, insist on birth control?

Of the other factors which enter into the problem, scarcity of domestic labor is a very important one. Whereas our mothers were rarely without competent assistance during the early childhood of their families, we have to do everything for ourselves or else worry along with inefficient help, because the really intelligent servant can command wages beyond the purse of the average householder. Even so, we pay for our incompetent help three times what our mothers paid for better service.

To be sure, the modern wife has all sorts of gas and electric appliances to simplify her work; but on the other hand she has to contend with the strain of high speed civilization, which is desperately hard on the nervous system. Many a girl who looked forward to mothering a comfortably large brood finds her ambition waning before she reaches that goal, simply because her strength proves unequal to the task.

I remember Lucia's amusement when, shortly after my marriage, I announced that I wanted not less than five children.

"Oh, you'll change your mind after you have one," she said tolerantly. "It always works that way. And with each successive baby your ideal number will shrink."

Mine wouldn't, I thought hotly — but it has. Last autumn I gave birth to my third child and I want no more, not because I love babies any less warmly, but because I find I have not the vitality to mother five or even four adequately, maintain a standard of housekeeping which makes our home a pleasant place to live, and still give to my husband the companionship which is our mutual joy.

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Health is a factor that cannot be overlooked. Without it housekeeping becomes the veriest drudgery, and the important task of child training an almost intolerable burden.

"College woman?" queried one of New York's foremost obstetricians when my first baby was coming.

I nodded.

"Too bad!" was his unexpected comment. "This higher education for girls unfits 'em for life as they have to live it."

Of course I disagreed with him and in my heart branded him "old-fashioned," but since then I have heard two other doctors of broad experience make much the same observation. Only last month our local physician remarked that he was by no means sure college was a good investment for a girl who contemplated marriage in the future. "To be sure," said he, "college graduates generally make exceptionally fine mothers when their children begin to grow up, because they bring to their task trained minds and vision; but they certainly do seem to have an awful time *getting* their families. They're bundles of nerves, and the prenatal and postnatal adjustments cause them a lot more hardship than they do the average girl."

"Did you go out for athletics at college?" was another question put by the obstetrician mentioned above.

"Not much," I replied. "My interests lay in other directions."

"Be thankful for that," he said. "The athletic girl is apt to have a much harder time at childbirth. Physical training may benefit girls in some ways but not when it comes to bearing children." And when he discharged me, a perfectly normal case, he offered this piece of counsel:

"Don't let me see you for fifteen months. If you're wise, you won't come back till this baby is three years old. For the highest good of herself and her children, a woman shouldn't bear a child oftener than once in four years."

At that rate, to realize our ideal, some of us would not conclude child bearing till close on forty, and that has its disadvantages. A daughter who has watched her mother struggle with the rearing of younger children at a time of life when, in poor health, she was least qualified to cope with the countless difficult problems arising out of adolescence, will think long before she commits herself to the same thing.

Whether the modern woman, for all her health training, is really less hardy than her predecessors, I will not presume to say;

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certain it is, however, that the number of unintentional miscarriages known to us personally is startling. Frequently the first baby is lost before birth, sometimes the second and even the third, although those would-be mothers were all apparently healthy girls. Under such circumstances a family tends to remain small, even though more children would be welcome.

Desire to render service to the community influences the size of families among the better educated classes. After spending four years at college, — where the need for unselfish activity, for thoughtful citizenship, is constantly emphasized, — young people are not to be blamed for feeling that material wants do not justify the consumption of all their time and energy. They desire children, but not so many that they can do no more for them than care for their bodies, and they recognize a duty beyond the family circle.

This brings us to the last factor under consideration, namely, the change in standards since our mothers' day as regards the function of the wife. Then a woman was thought to be doing her full duty if she honored her husband, fed and clothed her family adequately, and kept a neat and orderly house. Now that satisfies neither the average husband nor his wife. The modern woman does not thrive on a daily diet of manual labor and emotion. The modern husband infinitely prefers his wife's companionship to a well ordered house if he must choose between the two. Comradeship is regarded as an essential of marriage nowadays. But comradeship demands some degree of leisure and a margin of energy as well. If babies come fast, neither is possible.

Though I have taken up separately the factors which seem to me responsible for the meagre families of this generation, yet actually the high cost of living, scarcity of domestic labor, the strain of high speed civilization that makes for lessened health, the romantic view of marriage, and the changed conception of what constitutes woman's part in marriage, are so interrelated as to make separation impossible. Probably in most cases birth control proceeds from different combinations of those factors. In view of the fact that these considerations affect a large proportion of the populace and that need for accurate knowledge of contraceptive methods is so widespread and urgent, a great number of us are convinced that a law which forbids the dissemination of information about birth control is a bitter injustice. The sensual, the immoral, will never be deterred by fear of con-

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sequences any more than murderers are deterred by fear of capital punishment, while countless self-respecting men and women are done a serious injury by such a law.

In every community, the country over, are to be found married women who for one reason or another must practice birth control and who — because they cannot procure authoritative information on the subject or are acquainted only with that method which physicians agree is not simply uncertain but positively injurious to the woman's nervous system — never find in marriage the contentment they should. Their outlook is warped. The physical side of the union, instead of being subordinate to the spiritual as it ought to be, becomes of major importance. They fear their husbands' very caresses as a possible prelude to something they have come to abhor because of a mental conflict. With the normal desire to have children struggles eagerness to do what is best for the husband or unborn; and against their recognized need of practicing birth control is ranged constant anxiety lest the method employed prove ineffective. As one young wife confessed before two intimate friends: "At the end of six months I was wondering if all the married people had been lying who assured me on my bridal day that there was no other joy to be found on earth comparable to wedded love."

Marriage founded on love ought to bring out all that is best in man and wife, set free energies and powers scarcely guessed before, weld the many sides of their natures into a unified whole, and make each capable of finer living, greater accomplishment, than either could have achieved singly. Yet how can marriage hope to attain this when fear destroys one major foundation of the union? In case it should be urged that I overestimate the prevalence of such difficulties, let me set down here the opinion of two eminent physicians, one English, one American, that maladjustment in the matter of marital relations is the cause of more domestic unhappiness than all the other factors combined. The major portion of these "maladjustments," I venture to say, spring from a fear that could be assuaged by ample knowledge of the methods of birth control.

The question of injury resulting from the use of contraceptives is one which deserves serious consideration. So long as there seems to be necessity for birth control, contraception will be practiced, whether countenanced by law or not. Those who argue that the measure in force at present checks immorality and safeguards the

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State against a race suicide which springs from selfishness overlook the fact that the immoral and the selfish constitute a negligible proportion of the population affected, and that this minority has always avoided child bearing and always will. There is, besides, a group of individuals who would stamp out birth control because they think it a rosy path of self-indulgence. Perhaps for some it is. I do not know. But this I can say: that even the least objectionable methods are unpleasant, and if long continued can hardly be endured, so insistent is Nature upon gaining her end. Where there is good cause for voluntary limitation of offspring, the practice of contraception merits approbation, not reproach.

Be it noted that of the thousands of inquiries which come to the attention of birth control clinics yearly, the majority are from women who have already borne more children than their health or family incomes warrant and who see only disaster ahead if they conceive again, or from wives who hold motherhood so sacred they are unwilling to bring into the world children who are certain to be the victims of a bad inheritance, either mental or physical. Where such women cannot procure authoritative advice, they will try anything which "seems to work." Physicians frankly admit that they know little of the methods in use, that patients are constantly bringing unfamiliar means to their attention, yet handicapped as they are by a law which necessitates secrecy in handling the subject, they can undertake no scientific investigation. Meanwhile emphasis continues to be focused on practical effectiveness rather than on personal safety.

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OVER THE HILLS TO SPAIN

SIGNE TOKSVIG

Drawings by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

IF you live at Hendaye-Plage, the extreme western town of France on the Spanish border, and if you have a bicycle, it ought to be easy just to run into Spain for the afternoon. But Spain is a serious country and doesn't propose to be annoyed by frivolous cyclists. A special sort of passport is required for any vehicle, even the humblest, which means a special application and several special fees. Before you get the large document legitimatizing your cycle, you will have to draw on all your vital reserves of initiative and patience. No mere transient, idly curious tourist is going to succeed. But we were resident at Hendaye-Plage and persisted for the better part of a year — and we got it.

So one fine day in December we were able to say, trying to be casual, "Let's run into Spain for the afternoon."

We were going over the hills, not over the prosy, international bridge. Imagine a day like one of those clear, high, sunny, cool October days in New England. Not the same vivid foliage, but more subdued, more like a mellow, old tapestry than a new Turk-

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ish rug. Golden, russet, orange, purple, greens in every shade. Mountains sharply blue. We intended to reach a small Spanish town called Vera.

To get anywhere from Hendaye-Plage means that one must climb, but our little French cycles run so lightly that they are almost an aid to climbing. So, up we go, first by the sea — yellow sands, white breakers, a large, sky-blue bay, two high pinnacles of rock absolutely rose-pink with lacings of green moss. Into a country road where we can ride a bit. There is a big, typical Basque farm on it, Mocossorots by name, an incredibly wide house with eaves that slope almost down to the ground and project picturesquely over the front. An outside stairway leads up to the living rooms above the stable on the ground floor. A wooden balcony hung with strings of red peppers, pumpkins, onions. Tall flowering fuchsias by the staircase, rose-bushes, caprifolium. Ancient, carved-in-wood woman, feeding the hens.

Farther on a gorgeous view of the bay, the Spanish mountains, the spit of sand of Hendaye-Plage. Another farm. Women washing at a public washery. Beat the good linen on the stones!

We slide down a little hill, and then up, up, for ever and ever, for a whole half hour, through places that look a hundred miles from human beings, mountain sides of yellow gorse and red bracken, deep ravines, rain-green patches, and ahead of us the real mountains, misty, dark-blue, and bold. Finally the top of the hill, and then an uninterrupted coast down a splendid road, the highway between San Sebastian and Biarritz. Few motors. Through the village of Urrugne, lovely old houses, wide-eaved with colored timbering. The old church has a famous motto on its clock-dial: "All the hours strike, the last kills."

Then slide down from Urrugne to a side road, a delicious, calm, fairly even side road. No houses. Groves of live oaks and real oaks, a clear, quick little stream; near it we sit down to eat our bread and camembert cheese and drink a good white wine — that's lunch. It is so warm that I must take off my sweater. On again we pass a country inn where two French customs officials with a bored expression are drinking cider. They greet us, they're not worrying about us — anyway that is not the road by which we want to go into Spain. Then we come to it. Two other French officials, smoking on a rustic bench under the trees. No, they wave our passports and cycle certificates aside — not in the least interested. "Crazy tourists," you can see they are thinking, but

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they are most polite; they tell us that we have an ascent of three kilometres, but that it is a *jolie promenade*.

Now the real, uphill work begins. This is the *col des abeilles*, the "hill of the bees." The road goes zigzag and soon we get magnificent views. What's the use of trying to convey views? There is an infinite, soft extent of rolling hills, hedged fields, far villages and towns, woods and the distant sea. We pat ourselves on the back for having stirred around and taken the trouble. We sweat happily in the sun. Everything is so clear, so golden, so fresh and tranquil. Not a living soul on the whole mountain. Have sheep souls? There are wandering, climbing flocks of them, white with black legs, tinkling bellwethers. Bright trees and bushes, gorse and bracken. The elegant, conical peak of *La Rhune* standing out to the left of us, a luminous mauve. Up — three kilometres is quite long, going steadily up. At last, on that sunless height beyond the gorge of a stream, there is a black, crenelated silhouette, a fortress or a castle. That is Spain. It looks melodramatically

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romantic. The sun is on the French mountains, the shadow on the Spanish. Must we climb all the way up to that fortress?

No, it is a ruin. We come unexpectedly to the top of the "hill of the bees." There is the frontier and a couple of simple barracks. On the sunny side three soldiers are sitting, talking. At first they don't hear us, but when they do they jump up and grab their rifles. One look at our amiable, tweed-clad plumpness and they drop them. An officer emerges. He gazes with wonder at our Irish passports. Then he takes them and the big document that proclaims we may bring these and no other cycles into Spain and shuts himself up in the barrack to examine them. My companion, who has a lively sense of the necessity for social effort, points to the soldiers, nudges me: "Can't you say something, can't you be nice to them?" They speak only Spanish, so I fly into the breach, trying to make up in smiles what I lack in vocabulary. They are nice, simple soldiers, poor army conscripts; they respond. Officer comes out, handing us back the papers in stern silence. Either he is satisfied or determined not to reveal his ignorance of the Irish Free State.

We are jubilant, but very quietly so. We had been led to expect all sorts of trouble at this particular spot on the border, and then it was easy! Further cause for joy, the soldiers say we can coast all the six kilometres down into Vera. They earnestly advise keeping a good hold on the brakes. Nobody has to tell me that! I crawl down anything that isn't water level.

Well, there we are then, crawling down another zigzag road, keeping well on the inside, away from the bottomless ravine — in chill dark shadow ourselves, but marveling at the sunlit, red, orange, violet mountains next to us. We are ten minutes into Spain, whistling and gaily caroling, thinking there can't be a soul near in this wild landscape, and then, just beyond a hairpin turn,

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behold four grim, sunless *carabineros*, barring our way. Not a word out of them, but an imperative outstretched hand.

Dismount: "*Pasaportes!*"

"What, have you got two frontiers?" I exclaim, trying to be light and airy and win them by charm. Not a chance. Frosty, granite faces. The officer actually compares the passport photos with us, quite justly seems to doubt whether mine is really me. These are very different birds from the good, slovenly conscripts. Their pale green, yellow-trimmed uniforms are spick, their curious patent leather tricorns are span, and their black, voluminous capes are operatic. So are the short, black carbines they sling over the shoulder.

Still without a word, we get the passports back. We venture "*adiós, señores,*" and get only a mumble back. We cycle meekly on, but my companion has to get something in his hip pocket. He dismounts, and then he sees the four of them waiting and watching him sharply, carbines at the ready, lest it should be a gun instead of a handkerchief he were looking for. Chilling sensation.

Down, down, clutching the brakes. It is really very steep, and cold to the marrow after the sun on the other side. But lovely, grandiose, all the way. Out beyond the spurs of the hills at last, and into Vera. To the left there is an old manor, square with a sloping roof, that is all; and yet it is proportioned with a grace so pure in its severity that it haunts one like a poem.

A little further on, just before the town, there is a bridge on which people seem to be idling. Not a bit of it, they are simply waiting for us. Two more soldiers, this time with high cockaded hats, they want to see our passports, and there is also a civilian who wants to inspect our cycle permit. I make no remarks of a facetious nature about frontiers. Vera is well protected. I talk bad Spanish to the rather friendly fat civilian who seems to be the mayor, and he talks worse French to me. He even tells me where to get a cup of chocolate.

We lead our cycles humbly through Vera. I know from experience that the Spanish male of every age just can't stand the sight of woman astride a bicycle. It offends all his ideas of woman's place and woman's leglessness. The little boys frankly hoot and call names, the young men feel obliged to leer, the old men frown. So we walk through Vera. It has one or two streets, a church, and a *pelota* wall, and nearly every house is fit subject

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for an artist. It is a riot everywhere of long, carved balconies and red peppers, timbering, blue and green shutters, wide, carved eaves, nobly arched doors. One house has an inscription on the middle beam of its timbering: "For loyalty and service of the King, this house was burned the 12th of July, 1678. Let it be in the name of God."

Very few people about. One man leading a team of oxen rejoices us by taking out his leather wine-bottle and expertly squirting a thin red stream into his mouth. There is an inn, clean enough, where we drink chocolate, the strange, Spanish, porridgy kind, full of cinnamon. We are served by a pleasant, smiling girl; and now is the chance, now I ought to get some information about the fights the revolutionaries have had here with the military, but — I don't. We have no lamps, it will soon be dark. I eagerly want to be back in the safety of France before dark.

So we hop on again, and go lickety-split. It is nearly all downhill along the road to France. It follows the Bidassoa, the border river. The scenery is wild, sombre, sinister, superb. Steep mountains, jagged gorges, gleaming water. But every ten minutes we meet the patroling, suspicious-eyed carabineros. They don't stop us but they look as if they'd like to. About half way, we cross a bridge over the river. At the other end, two soldiers stop us!

Off again! Passports? No. What then? There is an old civilian who keeps saying "*papeles*," "*papeles*," papers, papers. At last I gather that he wants to see if we have a receipt for the bicycle dues. In vain I tender him our Magna Charta, the great document of the liberty of our cycles. No, if we haven't got the kind of receipt he wants, we must pay a peseta right then and there. Why, why, in Heaven's name, I expostulate, when we have already passed through three sets of officials and they didn't make us pay! Ah, but we are now in the province of Guipuzcoa! At last it is made clear that we entered Spain by way of the province of Navarra, and Navarra apparently hasn't a special bicycle graft, but this bridge takes us into Guipuzcoa, and Guipuzcoa wants a peseta, please. As Guipuzcoa stands by with two rifles, we hand over the peseta.

It is twilight, and we speed on as fast as we can. I get very tired of all those carabineros. They seem like somebody's fingers, choking this poor Spain.

Just at dark we reach the bridge of Béhobie, the bridge into France. One last lingering interview with the Spanish customs

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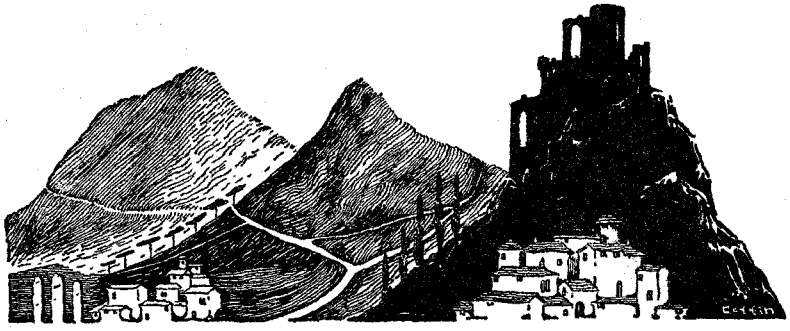
who must look at the number of our cycles and inscribe on our document that we did duly take these cycles and none other out of Spain again, and then the patent leather passport men, who take another puzzled look at the harp of the Saorstat Eireann, and then we glide over the Bidassoa.

The big, casual French officer at the other side waves us on kindly, instead of making us get off and go through the proper formalities. If I could be sure he would understand that the salutation was for France, bright, easy, twentieth century France, I could hug that man!



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PITTSBURGH HAS A PLAN

A New Way to Pay City Debts

McALISTER COLEMAN

AT the present time, when the National Chamber of Commerce insists upon an enormous reduction in Federal taxes, the local tax assessor goes quietly about his business, levying his heavy toll upon productive wealth at its source. The question may be seriously raised whether local taxes do not present a more urgent problem than Federal taxes, making our much-touted prosperity seem "a goodly apple rotten at the core." The harassed taxpayer will, therefore, lend a willing ear to Mr. McAlister Coleman.

TAXES, taxes everywhere, and no relief in sight. Such is the burden of the song of business man and bus-boy, steel puddler and stockbroker. The spokesman for the United States Chamber of Commerce tells us that the only fly in the prosperity ointment is that of taxation. In Cleveland, Ohio, business men have taken the taxation situation in hand, and sitting as a volunteer advisory board, pass upon the desirability of all issues of bonds for city improvements. Somewhat similar efforts to balance bonds and assessments are being made in Indianapolis. In New York the dry figures of the city budget march across the front pages of the papers. Reading, Pennsylvania, suddenly goes Socialist, not so much because its citizens have been converted to the doctrines of Marx, but because they resent the unjust assessment methods of old-party administration.

It is to Pittsburgh, however, that one turns to find a unique and realistic grappling with the fundamentals of this vexatious business of paying for the ever-increasing costs of government. For Pittsburgh to-day is the outstanding example of the American city which dares to wear its taxation rue with a difference. Pittsburgh has a plan. The Pittsburgh Plan has been in quiet operation for fourteen years, but only during the last two years has it been in full effect. It is now possible to evaluate that plan, show something of its origins and unfoldings, and indicate the possibilities of its application to other American cities.

At the outset it should be stated that what amounts to a revolution in the methods of municipal assessments has caused no barricades to be thrown up on Pittsburgh's narrow streets. When I asked the editor of one of the largest newspapers in town what he thought of the Pittsburgh Graded Tax Plan, he gazed blankly

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at me and after some deliberation murmured vaguely, "Oh, that's that Henry George bunch." But while the man in the street may go about his business oblivious to the benefits heaped upon him by the new ways of assessment, the graded tax does make an appreciable difference in the bill sent him annually from the city hall. And it is well within reason to suppose that the appearance of steam shovels on countless vacant lots around the city these days can be traced to the operation of a tax which shifts the burden from the builder to the speculator.

Students of that most dynamic of books, Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, will at once recognize in the sentence above something of the philosophy of their Single-Tax hero. And it is true that the Pittsburgh Plan goes a little way along the trail blazed by the pioneering George. But even the most articulate of Single-Taxers (and what follower of George ever lacked articulateness?) does not claim that the theories first set forth in *Progress and Poverty* back in 1879 have come to full bloom in this Pittsburgh Plan. They do maintain, and with justice, that the plan is a step toward deriving municipal revenues from taxes upon real estate, and fixing the tax rate on buildings at one-half of that on land. "Untax Industry" is the slogan that hangs above the enthusiasts who gather weekly at the luncheons of Pittsburgh's Henry George Club; and it is a matter of hard, cold fact that industry in Pittsburgh to-day enjoys tax immunity as in no other city in the country.

Two tawny-colored rivers — the Allegheny and the Monongahela — come together to huddle the people of Pittsburgh into a narrow triangle, the apex of which bears the proud name of "Golden." In the small area between the rivers, seven hundred thousand people go about their business on land valued at $554,616,950, and in buildings valued at $505,396,600. Although the city of Pittsburgh itself covers only forty-nine square miles, Allegheny County, with 725 square miles, is the real — if not the nominal — city of Pittsburgh, since the industrial plants extend all through the county.

Now in those days before the Great War when man's reforming spirit had not been dampened with disillusionment, there were those in Pittsburgh who looked with dismay on what they regarded as a fantastic method of assessing taxes, and they resolved to set matters right. Some of these pioneers had gathered together under the name of the Pittsburgh Civic Commission. They were

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influential men whose word was pretty nearly final in community affairs. Among them were several Georgeites, who were forever pointing to the anomaly of allowing great stretches of land held out of use for speculative purposes to go practically untaxed in the very heart of the crowded city, while builders were being penalized.

Furthermore, the Commission looked with disfavor upon the arbitrary division of assessments into rural, suburban, and urban compartments. Under this system the man who held a piece of land whose value was growing by leaps and bounds as the community closed in around him, needed only to plant a few vegetables in the corner of the lot to come under the farm division with a comparatively low assessment. Tired city workers, at the end of their day in factories and stores and offices, were being carried to remote dwellings, past block on block of vacant land belonging to large estates, and owned, in one instance, by a woman who lived in London and had visited Pittsburgh only once in her life.

The city of Pittsburgh, argued the Commission, did not tax machinery. Nor did it tax personal property. Evidently the citizens were inclined to favor creative industry and to frown upon speculation. Why not go a step further and make speculation in land a bit more costly to its promoters? Might not this be an approach to the solution of the housing problem, which even in those days was becoming a municipal nuisance? If machines could be exempted, why not houses?

Such enthusiasts for taxation reform as George E. Evans, W. D. George, and William McNair, were everywhere preaching the doctrine that if you tax land you make it cheaper, but if you tax personal property or improvements you make them dearer. And eventually they wrote that doctrine into a bill which they took down to the state legislature at Harrisburg. This bill provided for the graded tax that is now in full operation.

The bill was purely a local measure, covering only the two cities of the second class in Pennsylvania — Pittsburgh and Scranton. It had the powerful backing of William A. Magee. Mr. Magee was Mayor of Pittsburgh in 1913 when the bill was introduced. He was, and is, an authority upon municipal affairs, a leading lawyer, and a practical statesman (there were such mayors once). The people of Pittsburgh showed their appreciation of his services by keeping him at his post from 1913 to 1917, and again from 1922 to 1926. He has retired from politics for the time

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being, much against the loudly expressed wishes of his constituents. He is the sort of man who says, "I would not give an ounce of real experience for a ton of most people's theory." The particular theory, however, that land values created by the people of the city should carry their full share of the tax burden, weighed heavily with him. And the bill passed without much opposition. At the same time the divided assessment plan was abolished and all property inside the city limits was put on an equal basis.

The Graded Tax Law became effective on January 1, 1914, and by five successive steps shifted proportions of the tax burden from buildings to land. In the first year, the building rate was ninety per cent of the land rate; in the second period, 1916 to 1918, eighty per cent; from 1919 to 1921, seventy per cent; from 1922 to 1924, sixty per cent; and in 1925 and thereafter, buildings were, and are, taxed at one-half of the rate levied upon land.

The ease with which this bill went through the legislature somewhat stunned its backers, who had expected that it would be greeted by the usual speculators' shouts of "confiscation," and "radicalism." As a matter of fact, the lobbyists for the large estates affected by the bill were evidently asleep at the time of its passage. Two years later, however, they had a rude awakening when they began to feel the effects of the Graded Tax Law, and in 1915 a repeal was put through the legislature. One heated spokesman for special privilege cried aloud, "Try this on the dog if you want, but don't make Pittsburgh the dog." He painted a dolorous picture of Pittsburgh becoming so filled with houses as to resemble "ancient Bagdad."

Practical men like Magee, representatives of business and building in Pittsburgh, stood foursquare for the plan, and Governor Brumbaugh, lending an ear to their commonsense arguments, vetoed the repealer. Since then, there have been no concerted efforts to do away with the plan, and there is no question but that any serious attacks on it would be resented by the most influential of Pittsburgh's citizens.

How is it working? Well, I have already said that the voice of the steam shovel is heard in the land. There is a building boom in Pittsburgh that the Chamber of Commerce calls "the most remarkable in the city's history." In 1927 construction of new buildings broke all records. Building projects involving the expenditure of a million dollars or more are so much more numerous

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than at any previous period that it is probably safe to say that last year the total cost of new buildings in the million-dollar class was greater than the total cost of all such buildings erected in Pittsburgh in the previous fifteen years. It is difficult to put one's fingers on the exact motives that animate the builder. It is not difficult, however, to connect the excavations and the "For Sale" signs that are everywhere evident with the fact that it costs money these days to hold a lot out of use in Pittsburgh.

John Jones, who has his own house in the thirteenth ward — a typical residence ward where a survey was recently made — finds that he is saving around thirty-five per cent on his tax bill. On his house, which is assessed for twelve thousand dollars, he is paying eleven mills on the dollar, and on his lot, valued at five thousand dollars, he is paying twenty-two mills. The city tax rate generally is now thirty-five per cent lower than under the old system. The survey in the thirteenth ward showed savings in 3,250 cases out of a total of 4,252 assessments. Of the remaining 1,002 assessments, where the taxes paid under the graded system are higher, 980 represent vacant lots, leaving only 22 improved properties that are not paying lower taxes, and these properties are not adequately improved. The graded tax has meant the shifting, in 1926, of approximately $2,820,000 in taxes from buildings to land. This is a considerable item out of a total city tax revenue of seventeen and a half million dollars.

I have said that while the Graded Tax Plan has in it something of the Single-Tax philosophy, it is by no means an orthodox single tax. And the reader must keep in mind the fact that the above figures relate only to taxes raised by the city itself. There is the school tax and the county tax, neither of which come under the provisions of the Pittsburgh Plan, because the school district and the county are separate political units, operating under different state laws.

Some critics of the Pittsburgh Plan maintain that owners of large office buildings profit by the graded tax at the expense of the home owner, because of the relatively small building investment of the latter. Percy R. Williams, formerly a member of the Pittsburgh Board of Assessors, is ready with an answer to this. He says:

> It is the relative value of each individual's investment in land and buildings which determines the question of benefit, and nothing else has any bearing on the case. The high land values in the downtown

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business district known as the "Golden Triangle," much more than offset and cancel the partial exemption of the skyscrapers and other large structures in that section, while the home owner, though possessing a structure that seems insignificant by comparison with the skyscraper, is apt to find the value of his building from two to five times greater than the value of the land upon which it stands. Of course, every property owner whose building value exceeds his land value on the assessment books is paying lower taxes through the operation of the graded tax.

In any consideration of the plan one must realize that there were peculiar circumstances which worked in its favor. Geography and Magee, for example. Pittsburgh's "Golden Triangle" is in much the same bottle-neck situation as New York's Manhattan, and this makes farming in such a cluttered territory an obvious anachronism. That Pittsburgh had, in Magee, a mayor of common sense and vision was a piece of exceptional luck for the originators of the plan. And then there is Thomas C. McMahon, Chief Assessor for the City of Pittsburgh, who has in his competent hands the day-to-day application of the plan — another bit of good luck for Pittsburgh. For McMahon's passion in life is what seems to most people the drabbest of occupations, namely, the intelligent assessing of property. He is an assessment engineer whose services are sought by harried tax boards the country over. Like most engineers, politics are so much "apple sauce" to him. He goes about his business with no thought of those influences — political and social — that are so evidently hanging around the corridors of many assessors' offices. Now and then some politician goes gunning for McMahon. But he comes home with an empty bag. People who count in Pittsburgh think too well of McMahon's proved integrity and capable administration to allow anyone to tamper with that sturdy, keen-eyed man busied with rows of figures in the City-County Building.

McMahon isn't given to superlatives and when he tells you, as he told the writer, that the Pittsburgh Plan is "satisfactory," that is high praise. "It is not difficult to enforce," says he, "because people understand that a man who does something with his land is not penalized. The fellow who uses, doesn't lose. All over the city, big business interests are improving their property. Men who were lukewarm at the beginning of the plan are now coming over. Pittsburgh to-day is the only large city in the United States which favors the improvement of property in its taxation scheme. To be sure, some of the big industries are going out of the city limits into the country. In most cases old leases have expired and

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it is more economical to go to Homestead, across the river, than to rebuild on city ground. But if you go around town with your eyes open, you will notice that the tendency is to improve and develop property. Builders are hard put to it these days to find suitable vacant land. The big holdings are breaking up or have already been broken up."

There's proof of this in the building permit figures. In 1913 — the last year under the old tax law — the total permits were a little more than three thousand. Then the step upward began. The record shows, for 1922, 6,259 permits; for 1923, 7,179 permits; for 1924, 8,285 permits; for 1925, 8,282 permits. Figures

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF CITY TAX RATES UNDER GRADED TAX PLAN *

Year	*Land Tax Mills*	*Building Tax Mills*	*Flat Tax Rate Required to Raise Same Revenue*
1914	9.4	8.46	9.05
1915	10.2	9.18	9.8
1916	12.6	10.06	11.63
1917	11.5	9.2	10.6
1918	14.5	11.6	13.3
1919	15.7	10.99	13.6
1920	19.	13.3	16.6
1921	20.	14.	17.5
1922	20.	12.	16.5
1923	20.	12.	16.58
1924	20.	12.	16.46
1925	19.5	9.75	15.2

* Compiled by Pittsburgh Assessor's Office.

for 1926 and 1927 were not available at the time this was written but they would undoubtedly show a steady growth in numbers of building permits.

I am fully aware of the dangers of generalizing on matters of taxation. I am acquainted with those Single-Tax adherents who propose their economic nostrum as a sure cure for all the evils that afflict mankind from poverty to pyorrhea. I know, too, that no one formula will solve the complex problems of these times. It is not the intention here to paint Pittsburgh as a builder's paradise. The slowest moving things in a fast moving world are reforms of any sort, and long overdue millenniums are notorious for missing trains.

Just the same, I come away from Pittsburgh convinced that a group of what William James would call "tough-minded men"

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have taken hold of something very real in that plan of theirs. It might well startle the fiery soul of Henry George, if he returned to earth, to find his disciples meeting together under the ægis of the Chamber of Commerce and talking land values to department store heads and apartment house builders. There was a time — when George ran for Mayor of New York and came near being elected on a labor ticket — when such "respectables" spoke of him in much the same terms they apply to ex-Comrade Trotsky to-day. George was a "leveler," a "communist," and if he didn't like this country he ought to go back where he came from.

The rightness of the philosophy in *Progress and Poverty* stands firm against its critics, however, and though its application may be diluted in the Pittsburgh Plan, it is the guiding force behind the graded tax. "You can't sell groceries to an empty lot," says McNair of Pittsburgh's Henry George Club, when he is talking single tax to a group of business men. Though his auditors may never have heard of Henry George, and though *Progress and Poverty* be as closed to them as Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* is to the average socialist, still it isn't difficult to grasp the fundamental fact that after all you *can't* sell groceries to an empty lot.

If in your community, taxes and the housing problem, land values and the rising costs of government conspire together to perplex and torment, take my advice — go look at Pittsburgh.

TYPICAL TAX SAVINGS

Name	*1925 Total Taxes*	*15.2 Old Plan Flat Tax*	*1925 Tax Saving*
Bellefield Apt.	$3,654.11	$5,280.33	$1,626.22
Ruskin Apt.	6,814.08	9,643.48	2,829.40
Schenley Apts.	26,866.13	36,901.80	10,035.67
Wightman Apt.	766.35	1,091.36	325.01
Morrowfield Apt.	8,158.41	12,059.37	3,900.96
Westinghouse Electric	6,961.61	9,169.85	2,208.20
National Biscuit Co.	13,211.60	17,568.16	4,356.54
Hershey Bros.	5,416.13	6,311.80	895.67
A. J. Logan & Co.	2,735.46	3,181.05	445.59
Armstrong Cork Co.	10,087.35	11,989.76	1,902.41
D. L. Clark Co.	3,840.14	4,505.72	665.58
Oliver Building	61,833.53	69,098.43	7,264.90
Frick Building	48,516.00	56,057.60	7,541.60
Carnegie Building	25,769.25	26,926.80	1,157.55
Westinghouse Bldg.	10,320.38	11,844.60	1,524.22
Highland Building	5,751.33	7,523.08	1,771.75
Michael J. Feeney	366.60	452.96	86.36
John Lauterbeck	20.48	27.36	6.88
Margaret Arensburg	242.39	306.73	64.34
William B. Rodgers	54.61	73.72	19.11
Mary V. Lee	22.82	32.98	10.16

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

COUNTERCHECK QUARRELSOME

A CORRESPONDENT has just called me a philosopher. That must account for it. Like most philosophers, I have been grossly misunderstood. When I invented the game "*Don't* ask me another," I meant it; but good and bad friends evidently supposed that, like a woman according to the matured opinion of Hosea Biglow, I meant exactly the opposite —

> to mean *yes* an' say *no*
> Comes nateral to women.

In any case, since I invented that wretched game I have never been asked so many questions that I can't answer. But I *can* answer a few and, though I hereby serve notice that I decline to be Cadmanized or to undertake the office of columniator, I'm going to answer some of the easiest ones, if only to save my face. To begin with the easiest of all —

Qy. Do you know that the derivative meaning of Pedestrian is "dull"?

Ans. Yes. "How bitter a thing is the heart of man!"

The next is uglier yet —

Qy. Do Pedestrians sometimes get sore feet? I suppose you realize that, figuratively speaking, "sore feet" means "sore heads."

Ans. Of course they do. But sore feet are a minor disability compared to burst tires — *still* figuratively speaking, Mr. Spark-plug.

Qy. Why didn't you say something, in your "Star Dust" article, about the music of the spheres? The quaint theory which accounts for the harmonies of concentric, crystalline spheres opens whole chapters of fascinating lore.

Ans. I did, but the editor cut it out — probably wanted to provoke you, if I understand editors. (Quite confidentially, *strictly between ourselves*, that music, "which no gross ear can hear," won't come through my little flute.)

Qy. Could you please write and tell me what kinds of vocations call for the least work and the most pay? I would also like to work for myself anywhere, wherever I cared to go or to live, in either town, country, or a city, and to be independent to work for myself, be my own boss.

Ans. Teaching. In optimistic moments, you are richly rewarded

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by the thought that you have helped a human being upward and onward. In pessimistic moments, you are equally rewarded by the thought that you have done no great harm; that, whatever you do, the boy, *quā* boy, is immune. Fixed abode? Not if you join the peripatetic or other-end-of-the-log school. Overhead costs? Nothing but brains.

The next is not exactly a question, but it seems to call for an answer.

Qy. You have done it before, but why not again? Shy some more nitric acid at this exhausting effort of good minds to establish a common denominator with the gum-chewers. I have just come from Chicago, where a very brilliant college graduate has established himself as mayor and is keeping his position there by creating terror of the threatened invasion of King George of England. On the train I saw a bank president deeply engrossed in a book entitled *Classics in Slang* and trying desperately to deflate his intellect in order to communicate with the Bowery. The best literary minds of the country are being paid huge salaries to flatten themselves out to reach the ten year olds.

Ans. It's news to me that I have "done it before" — though by your smiling, Rosencrantz, you seem to say so. I confess that, like some of my contemporaries, I have slung a bit of mud now and then, but the nitric acid gesture, I fear, is a lost art; it died with Whistler. There's nothing really dangerous, positively corrosive, in the citric substitute Mr. Mencken jets nowadays. It's also news to me that the distinguished Mayor of Chicago is a college graduate. Not listed as such in *Who's Who*. I guess it was Oxford and he's ashamed of it.

But I like the main thought of the letter, which deserves greater publicity than I can give it, not only for its thought, but for its immortal phrase — "common denominator with the gum-chewers." There is no question regarding the facts, I assume. Syndicated articles, colleges rated by stadium capacity, biography turned fiction, history and philosophy served in pellets, science tricked out as magic, psychology reduced to "glands and guts" — there are plenty of indications that gum-chewers set the fashion. And of course that means quantity production, organization, rotary clubs, sales managers, and all the fixings. Well, that's all right, I suppose, when you have things, like safety-pins or automobiles, which justify quantity production. But it rarely seems to occur to people that what is true of safety-pins isn't true of ideas.

For ideas cannot be manufactured. They mean solitary labor, often solitary confinement, self-imposed; they may haply result in solitary confinement imposed by others. They require a thinking public, and who but Americans ever supposed that a whole nation could think.

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I know one American city where the people are particularly conservative and shrewd. In business they figure carefully on a small but safe return. New York finance frightens them; they prefer to stay at home and get their three or four per cent without risks. Not a bad idea if they enjoy it; but what strikes me as melancholy about that city is that the people apply the same shrewd philosophy to affairs of the mind and soul. "Adventure for God" may be all right in Boston or Los Angeles, but it is too chancy for them. Well, something of the same impossible transfer seems to have taken place throughout the length and breadth of the land; except that the nation, instead of applying hard-headed business conservatism to ideas, has applied its beloved notion of quantity production to ideas. A flivver in every home? Why not an idea, too! Radio and syndicated articles of course supply the medium, supply indeed everything but the one thing necessary — ideas! As Lowes Dickinson once said of culture, "The things we do to maintain it might kill it."

Still, the trouble, I imagine, is not with the people, but with "the best literary minds" and with the gum-chewing bank president. The people are all right. They don't want ideas, and they're not getting them. But "the best literary minds," together with sundry college professors and clergymen, make the mistake of supposing that the only audience is the whole nation; they are "sold" on the superstition of quantity production. If they would only realize that the old audience is still there, hungry for ideas, they might revive the lost art of thinking.

It is commonly supposed, I fear, that the small audience eager for ideas is dead. This cynical supposition springs partly from the fact that middle-aged folks are prone to say that things are going to the dogs; but largely no doubt from the fact that people measure absolute values by relative standards. That is, if there was one intelligent reader in 1800, but no other readers to speak of, the relative intelligence of that reader was 100 per cent. But if in 1928 there are ten intelligent readers and a million other readers, the cynical observer, instead of noting that the number of intelligent readers has increased tenfold, notes the million other readers and cries that there are actually *no* intelligent readers. In point of fact, I imagine, the audience eager for ideas was never bigger or hungrier than now.

Where did I get my figures? I selected them because they were easy to compute and because I am notably weak at mathematics.

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But the condition they picture is an approximate indication of what has taken place. Even Byron, with all his popularity, wrote for a comparatively small audience; and that audience was not just barely literate, but was fairly well educated. The gum-chewers were negligible; it wouldn't have enlarged his audience much if he *had* "flattened out his mind" — what there was of it! But in the first half of the nineteenth century the widespread introduction of gaslights, the increase in popular education, and the development of machinery, so that cheaper books and magazines were available, produced a new reading public. Even then, plenty of people couldn't read. We recall the story of the charwoman who heard the novels of Dickens read aloud at a snuff shop and who concluded that it must have taken several men to "put together *Dombey*." But nowadays everyone can read.

So by our quantity education we have produced a quantity of readers, and by our machinery and syndicated writers we have learned how to supply them. I can't see that it's a particularly bad thing for *them*. The people it injures are the bankers, authors, editors, publicists who imagine that it is the only public. Relatively, the public eager for ideas is diminished, but, absolutely, it is still there, is in fact more numerous.

"But it doesn't pay to write for that audience." No, I don't suppose it does — not in the short run, anyhow. Neither does preaching or teaching pay. The majority of doctors are poor too. But, thank heaven, there are still doctors who are willing to minister to the sick, still teachers who are willing to forego the luxuries enjoyed by salesmen and steamfitters, still clergymen who are trying to raise something besides money and legislation. I suspect that the writers who are flattening out their minds may have minds pretty flat to begin with. Let them flatten and batten! Ideas, like murder, have never paid very well; but they're hard to stop. And they have another characteristic in common with murder — if they are genuine, they will out!

—Walter S. Hinchman

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That figgering old chap, by name Xeno,
Was wrong in his premise; 'cause we know
That Achilles' bold stride
Would never subside
To a fractional pace
In so vital a race.
The length of his feet contravene so.

—A. B. Ripley

Augusta, Maine

NIZE BABY CATCHES THE TORTOISE

Solution II of the Ramsey Prize Contest

Winthrop Parkhurst

WANCE upon witt a lung time ago in Griss it wass desited to ran a leetle ress betwinn a femmous men end a animul wot he wass called by de name of a tortoise. Diss men wass not a proud men so you should spik of it because a tortoise iss not a fest animul. He likes to tek things issy so he should not hexert himself too much in de lags ivin whan he iss ressing. But besides diss rizzon he wass ulso hinstructed dat no men in de woild could catch opp witt heem ennyways on account of he hed chest wan leetle had start by de men who should be ressing efter heem.

Itt wass a gret day by which diss femmous ress was called for — as nize a Grik hefternoon as you could imagine itt, clear end warm witt chust a nize suft brizz to kipp down de humitty.

De judges wass all femmous Grik horators to a men end werry grend. Dey soitinly looked all tugged hout in wot wass called tunics but wot wass rilly high cless pattycuts — only in Grik diss mins tunics.

"Wall," sad de animul wot he was called a tortoise, "wot do you say, lat's go!" So Achillis sad — dot wass de nem by de men who should be going to ress witt de tortoise, "Enny time you say, my dear fallow, enny time you say."

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So wan of de judges sad, "Boom!" in de Grik langwitch not hevving yet a peestol by heem on account of the semm bing a werry muddern inwention — end away de ressers ressed for dear life!

Achillis looked werry nervous indid. He wass quit pell so you could nottis it iffen from a grat beeg distance away. End de rizzon wy he should be pell was alraddy dot werry hefternoon a methmetician fallow hed spoke to heem so:

"I fear hall iss lust, Achillis. I heff figgured itt hall out by methmetics — de werry best warieties in hall Griss. Itt iss absolutle impossible dot you should be winning diss ress. Sappose diss tortoise *iss* only a leetle in de had start by you — no metter! It meks no deefrence at hall. Itt is houtreggous for a femmous hero like you should be bitten by chust a cummun tortoise. I adwise you not to ress. I besich you should not ress or else you will bring yourself down witt sorrow on de had and disgress on de hull Griss country."

Dees woids med Achillis werry unheppy indid. But he had alraddy giffen his woid of honour he should ress witt de tortoise end so pruff wan leetle spot on de hill wass no hendicap by a rill hero — so uff he went so soon as de judge sad, "Boom!"

End then as his lags went opp end down so fest like he wass in a Marathon ress itself alraddy he noticed how he could not be seeing de tortoise at hall. End de woids of de femmous methmetician reng hout in his ears: "Hall iss lust!" Indid, hall wass soitinly lust. He couldn't ivven be seeing dat tortoise no metter how hard by a strenning of de heyes he looked forward to find itt.

So he desited he should stop. Itt wass no use he should be only running witt a ress dat wass alraddy bitten. So no sooner Achillis came by dees thought then he sad: "Whoa, lags. Itt iss no use you should be moving by your papa Achillis. His sore hill wot is not inwulnerable on account of he deed not get deeped dip enough wance upon witt a lung time ago has brought down disgress end sorrow on de hull Griss country, chust like the methmetician sad."

But so soon Achillis wass tinking diss sed thoughts than he stopped absolutle steel. End so soon he stopped steel he began to notice a gret noise coming toward heem from the femmous judges wot wass hall horators to a men end hed by them werry strong woices indid. End he wondered wot itt wass hall about dot so much scrimming by choy witt gledness reng hout on de Grik air. Only he noticed by de semm time ulso dot by some of de scrim-

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ming wass a werry penful sound. End he supposed a thought dot de methmeticians wass scrimming by choy witt gledness on account by diss rizzon dot de best warieties of Grik methmetics hed soitinly been proved strickly kosher. End he ulso supposed a thought dot de Grik horators wass mekking a werry penful sound on account by diss rizzon dot he hed brought Griss down by shame on de had to be ignominously bitten end defitted in a feet ress witt de slowest animul in hall Griss.

End then he falt by a peculiar filling in de lag Achillis. So he looked down. End wot he saw in de heyes wass so strenge he could not belivve it wass true. Behind heem wass de tortoise, end he wass scretching him on de lag.

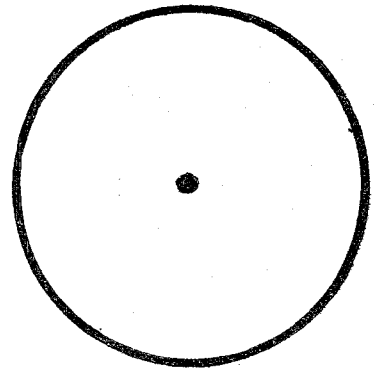
So Achillis sad to de tortoise, he sad so: "Ho, boy, wot you tink! Achillis bit you in de ress efter hall."

"Indid," sad de tortoise werry proud. "But itt iss absolutle impossible on account of I hed a had start by you."

"Then," sad Achillis, "wot is absolutle impossible must be absolutle true, wan by de semm time."

So de tortoise sad: "You rizzon like you wass only a common athlit, which itt may be good rizzoning by you. But hall de same time hy wan de ress, end when you hev de brens wot a eddicated tortoise has got by heem you will hev diss semm opinions too."

A Circular Argument Catching Itself
Snapshot by the Author



Weather: hazy
Exposure: 2½ millennia

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WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

Forum Definitions

DEMOCRACY, like religion, is an elaborate superstructure of rational thought built upon a foundation of pure assumptions. These were accepted in the first instance as truths so obvious that no one but a fool would have wasted his time trying to prove them. Such assumptions are the starting point of all intelligent behavior, and they are so common that for the most part we do not take the trouble to rationalize about them. The child assumes that his father knows everything and plies him with questions.

But as we grow older — individually and racially — our basic assumptions undergo an inevitable change. This is perhaps the most curious and fundamental fact of our evolution. We start as credulous animals, finding it both easy and pleasant to believe. Doubt being both disagreeable and dangerous, we leave the doubting business to a few adventurous souls whom, as a rule, we crucify as speedily as we discover them. Then, having got rid of the doubters, we find we cannot escape our own credulousness, so we proceed quite consistently to embrace with ardent faith the doubts of those we crucified for doubting. Thus swings the pendulum from the fanaticism of belief to the fanaticism of negation.

At the present moment, Democracy is assailed by doubts in many quarters. We are no longer as sure as we once were that the basic assumptions of Democratic theory are true. As a practical test, some of them are listed below. Try them on your own credulity. If you can swallow them hook, line, and sinker, you are an orthodox Democrat — and probably the only surviving member of the Simon-pure species. The theory of Democracy assumes:

That king and slave were born free;

That philosopher and fool were born equal;

That a natural reservoir of wisdom and virtue resides in the common man;

That this wisdom and virtue will express itself through the ballot;

That every man in his right mind wants to vote;

That there exists an intangible but very real something called "the will of the people";

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That "the will of the people" can be ascertained by counting noses;

That if fifty-one per cent of the people say black is white, then black *ought* to be white.

To be sure, one may deny every one of these assumptions and still remain what may be termed "a negative Democrat" — that is, one who looks upon all government as a necessary evil and prefers the certain ills of Democratic government to the uncertain ills of a monarchy, a dictatorship, or a soviet republic.

The following definitions win the month's prizes:

1 Democracy is the government of a state or nation by the people (representative or otherwise) which maintains a political equilibrium or balance between anarchy and absolutism. It requires at least two major political parties, of which one favors more individual freedom — a drifting toward anarchy, without desiring anarchy — while the other favors more centralization — a drifting toward absolutism, without desiring absolutism. Too much drift either way disturbs the balance, arouses a great protest, and the voters place the other party in power — which restores the political balance called Democracy. (*L. A. Hollenbeck, Duchesne, Utah*).

2 Democracy is a form of government in which the legislature and the executive hold their power by consent of the people, expressed not merely in silent acquiescence, but in some regularly occurring formal and legal way, such as votes of election and recall. (*Alfred C. Lane, Cambridge, Massachusetts*).

3 Democracy — government wherein "the elect" stand aside for the elected, where mass has superseded class as the rightful source of power. (*John M. Crook, Chicago, Illinois*).

4 Democracy — that form of the state which allows man to choose his own oppressions, in which some men are born equal, some achieve equality, and some have equality thrust upon them. (*Katherine Foster, New York, New York*).

5 Unlike the governments which hold sway by divine right of blood, Democracy is based on paper. It is from paper, by paper, and for paper. Men write on paper what they want people to do; if enough agree, the paper becomes law. Those who object may write what they think and make newspapers. This is Democracy. (*Iva Purdum Bruton, Memphis, Tennessee*).

Next word to be defined: — EVOLUTION. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by April 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in* THE FORUM *(value not exceeding $5.00), for each winning definition.*

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MY SECRET JOURNAL

John Jay Chapman

Education

I

I often wonder why young men are born
All radiant, and with that sense of power
Like sunrise on a blue unclouded morn
In days of yore when knighthood was in flower,
And why Fate lets them joust in locks unshorn,
With no suspicion of the evil hour
When they must pass through frailty, sickness, doubt,
And learn to wear their armor inside out.

II

It seems the puzzle of the Universe,
Not that we're wraiths, and forceless orbs of force
But that our instincts teach us the reverse,
And let us run like giants on our course
Till we are stricken and put out to nurse —
Victims of drink, excess, success, remorse:
And all because no wisdom has been found
To teach the young the way their wheels go round.

III

There is a commonplace that is so common
To every place, age, time, event in Nature —
Noted by Asiatic, Greek, and Roman
Observers — chalk-marked as a feature
Of human life: Self-will in man or woman
Is the most dangerous quality of the creature.
Succeeding victims plunge toward grief in vain,
Leaving the world no wiser for their pain.

IV

Where men of courage trod, a lambent fire
Gleams through the broken logic of all time.
Their very failures meet the heart's desire
In beaming virtue or in blazing crime.
I will not leave untouched upon my lyre
The chord that calls this primal force sublime:
The strings themselves grow conscious like a flame
That trembles when it hears a hero's name.

V

The breed of them shall end — with the world's end.
Though born beneath the waves in caverns dark,
There's phosphorus in their bones: the planets lend
Their earliest influence to men of mark,
And draw them from the deep, whence they ascend,
Adding their inextinguishable spark

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To ours. The serious problem of mankind
Is but to feed the light 'twixt mind and mind.

VI

I think of this when reading our discussions
On educational, scholastic matters,
And whether Greek and Latin should be cushions
On college window-seats and at regattas —
Or bases for those classical allusions
Exchanged to-day by master plumbers, hatters,
Insurance brokers, builders, money lenders,
And wholesale dealers in reformed suspenders.

VII

Old Grover Cleveland thought God stood behind us
And loved this land peculiarly. Amen.
I hope so. But the feeling should not blind us
To taking some precautions now and then;
For God will have His hands full: He'll soon find us
A nation with no educated men.
I'd not be blasphemous. — Let's think it o'er.
At least He never saved that kind before.

VIII

But halt! I dare not tell my further views:
For in my heated brain visions arise
That would afflict mankind. I rather choose
To shade them for my own affrighted eyes.
Was it for this that I invoked the Muse?
Avaunt, ye Gorgons! That way madness lies.
Consider that my speech has ended here.
The rest is silence. Comrade, pass the beer!

JOURNALS

IX

I think that every man should keep a journal,
And jot from time to time his passing fancies,
Or airy plunges into Truth Eternal;
In fact, let ready writing take its chances
And save the husk, although it lose the kernel:
Writers are ruined through their audiences.
And now I draw the curtain, take my tea,
And write what nobody shall read but me.

X

O silent journal, which no eye traverses
Save mine alone, I almost worship you;
And I shall celebrate in later verses
Some Masses to our greatest god, Taboo;
He wields a charm as powerful as Circe's,
Who turned to speechless animals the crew
That manned the bark adventurous Ulysses
Steered toward the island of her dangerous blisses.

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OURSELVES

XI

Now is the Era of Commemorations,
With efforts to pull up the lost Atlantis,
And foreign Emissaries make orations
On Shakespeare, Molière, Dante, and Cervantes;
While India rolls against our shores (and patience)
Her numerous little swarthy hierophanties.
In truth we've much to learn: I'd state it thus: —
To swallow *them* before they swallow *us*.

XII

And who are We? you ask. Alas 'tis true
Our continent was peopled by corsairs,
However much we brag about the few
Who came for liberty to say their prayers.
The spirit of the land is to *push through:*
In childish eyes the ancestral passion glares
Of those who came from climates cold or sunny
For Liberty — the freedom to make money.

XIII

I saw of late a huge and stately volume
Entitled *List of Early Emigrants*
From England to the Colonies, a solemn,
Expensive sort of thing, suggesting grants
Of land, with column after column
Of sturdy English names (Your burgher wants
To know his ancestry); the interest centres
In criminals and vagrants and dissenters.

XIV

All enterprising men and forward-looking,
Though not addicted to quill pens and parchment;
The books they knew were *naval* — the port-booking
That gave them intellectual detachment;
Onward-and-upward strugglers, little brooking
Inquiry as to what their forward march meant,
These new crusaders planted and unfurled
The business banner of the modern world —

XV

Inscribed "Success." The elder nations blink
And rub their eyes; praise, damn, and prophesy:
The tireless pioneers hew, scheme, and swink,
Welding the fetters nicknamed Liberty,
Till round the world they run, and every link
That thrift can bless or cunning sanctify,
Is in its place. "The thing will hold, I guess,"
Exclaim the children of the wilderness.

XVI

I'll pause — as they did not — suggest a doub
As to the ore from which the chain was made;

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Perhaps there is some element left out,
Not scheduled in the Lexicon of Trade,
Yet noted in the Book of Man throughout
His history — by its own light betrayed —
The radium that makes a nation shine:
Without it, trust me, business will decline

XVII

Leaving a desolation. The grim fact
Is that the Search for Truth and that alone
Survives the toil of nations. The last act
Shows Truth in flight, and rings the curtain down.
Alas, our early emigrant who packed
(Some of them hastily) his ax and gun
Boarding a brig, resolved to do or die,
Had little leisure for philosophy.

XVIII

We need the other kind that stayed at home,
The student and the poet and the man
Of thought and feeling whose sole halidome
Is but to work as fiercely as he can
At some obsession, till his dreams become
A part of all men's instincts. Art began
Like that, and as some peasant's predilection,
'Till private taste turned public benediction.

XIX

The problem, to be frank, is whether we
Have brains enough and guts enough to swim
In the deep waters of humanity,
Or must forever nose about the brim
Where Time pours in the stream of things that be,
While Europe sends us literature to skim,
Nibble, and worry at superfluously;
Or whether our new age shall breed a few
Captains of — Captains of the Good and True.

XX

Behold our *modern* pioneers, how smug
They look when gathered round a table!
(And each with a Corona in his mug.)
How bold and bright, how competent, how stable!
Yet put a thought, he winces with a shrug.
"It's not his business. Someone should be able
To solve your doubts." He's potent, shaved, and gay;
But as an intellect he fades away.

XXI

Each one of us has dangers of his own,
Timidities, the dreaded neighbor's ear;
We live and move like mice about a throne,
Fearing to name the causes of our fear.

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We whisper our convictions; for if known
They might upset, sidetrack, or interfere
With quiet hopes we nurse and friends that serve us:
Habitually we are a little nervous.

XXII

A nation's but a castle in the air,
A sham solidity that soon or late
Dissolves through some defect that's everywhere;
Walls, columns, dome, and spire disintegrate:
The weaknesses of private character
Support *each other*, but bring down the state:
And ours will fall through some specific vice.
What if that vice were Moral Cowardice?

BYRON

XXIII

You can't read Byron? Did you ever try?
His gift, his way of feeling, the control
Behind him was a deluge once, and I
Find something in him still that floats the soul
Like waves that rock the bark, Mortality,
Unceasing waves that rest us as they roll;
And though we know it not, their cradling motion
Has left us wiser children of the ocean.

XXIV

His legend lives. The torch of every star
Shines on forever, though the planet die;
An angel passing o'er a world at war
May shed a glow that glimmers in the sky;
And Byron, Europe's brightest Lucifer,
Who sang in a false dawn of Liberty,
(From some dead star, perhaps) has passed along
To other worlds than ours, but left his song.

XXV

This boyish demigod, the untamed colt
That flashed like Pegasus from cloud to cloud
Clothed in white courage like a thunderbolt,
Or paced the siren sands, neighing aloud;
This angel-demon, minstrel of revolt
And prophet to all peoples dumb and cowed,
Whate'er he felt or thought, believed or doubted,
Hoped, dreaded, recollected — out it spouted

XXVI

In streams of unassisted natural power
That poured redundant with a sparkling glow,
Like molten metals mingled in a shower
Of wit and pathos o'er the world below,
Changing with every impulse of the hour —
Released from the supernal overflow.

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Was't not enough? Whatever thing be Truth,
Something immortal sang within this youth.

LETTERS AND PATRIOTISM

XXVII

I turned aside my tale and spoke of Byron
Because he is the antitype of Us.
Whate'er he saw or thought of he threw fire on;
But we, wet blankets — lest there be a fuss.
The things we most abhor are blood and iron —
The feelings real that rise when men discuss
Some vital cause of woe that lies between 'em,
And show in serious flashes what is in 'em.

XXVIII

Our literature is faint; we touch the leaves
But not the fruit of books. The European
Uses the wealth of Learning he receives
To frame his vision of the passing scene.
He spends his life in binding a few sheaves,
And, dying, throws his picture on the screen.
With us the fields of learning and of culture
Are but a place where brains have found sepulture.

XXIX

I say the equation between books and life
Is different in Europe, where men cast
Their cultivation into civic strife,
Deal blows, face persecution, sound a blast —
Yes, even show their teeth, unsheathe the knife
That slits the present up and shows the past.
Our literati in their caves are huddled,
By books illumined and by books befuddled.

XXX

Yet every cause that guides man's soul aright
Has need of champions who can wield the pen
To justify the unlearned in his plight.
In earlier days the cobbler-citizen
Was armed by theologians for the fight.
'Twas always so, and shall be so again:
The Learned waged a Battle of the Books;
The people on the curb used hooks and crooks.

XXXI

The poor, the ignorant, who feel the edge
Of practical abuses, lack the brain
To lay the mallet on, drive in the wedge
Between their shackles and the source of pain.
And this is Learning's highest privilege.
Think ye the Patriot Scholar toils in vain
Whose lamp-lit tomes the daylight shall translate
Into the walls and bastions of the state?

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XXXII

Talking of riots, I've a note this morning,
Black-bordered, small and sealed with a cornelian,
Giving me, O so gently, a proud warning
Not to become a loud-mouthed tatterdemalion,
But live pew-stalled, devout, Episcopalian,
Not answering blows with bricks or scorn with scorning;
But grow discreeter, wiser, meeker, wealthier —
'Tis from a stately dame in Philadelphia.

XXXIII

In Worcester, Massachusetts, yesterday
The patriots and the Catholics fell out.
I can't find clearly who began the fray,
But heads were broken, women knocked about
And windows smashed; some autos burned, they say.
"'Twas time!" I cried, and all but gave a shout,
"'Twas time some dagger struck straight through
our shoddies
And showed us we had blood inside our bodies."

XXXIV

And here comes in your Learning: — Can we blink
The major fact of history? — What's that?
Nothing but *blood* has ever made men *think*,
Or turn from any pleasing task they're at.
I won't say one must give them blood to drink,
But someone killed to talk of. *Verbum sat.*
The proposition that I bring the light for
Is, Man has never got what he won't fight for.

XXXV

Speech is the cure — plain, honest, open speech;
Expensive, hateful, downright, crude opinion.
This great elixir is within the reach
Of every man, this key to the dominion
Of courage and of intellect. Let each
Address the demon that on sable pinion
Soars in his cowering mind, and plainly say —
Just what he thinks. I've finished for the day.

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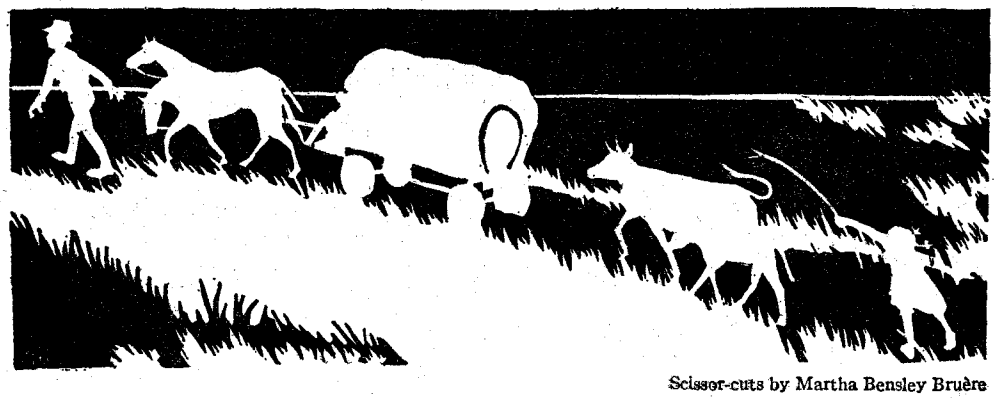

Scissor-cuts by Martha Bensley Bruère

HILL COUNTRY

Forum Prize Biographical Novel — II

RAMSEY BENSON

IV

Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter,
And the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood: so
The forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife.

WEESE hardly knew which she dreaded more — that the letter might not be answered or that the answer might be a refusal. In a way it would hurt her worse to be ignored altogether; but on the other hand, should there be an answer, she didn't know how she could keep it secret; and if it should be a refusal she knew she should never hear the last of it. More than once, during the next few days, she heartily wished she hadn't been so bold; and when, after nearly a week, an answer came and she saw it in her father's hand, she wanted to sink through the earth.

Her father was puzzled, but he gave her the letter without a word. The envelope was larger than common and in a general way more important looking and besides her name there was a square of print in the corner:

ST. P. M. & M. RWY CO.
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Why shouldn't her father wonder?

Weese was too fluttered to consider what she ought to do. She could only act upon the impulse of the moment; and her impulse was to snatch the letter and run away with it. Her behavior, in short, was not of a sort to clear up the mystery much, but still her father didn't say anything or, if he did, it wasn't until she had fled beyond hearing.

Away to the barn she ran, where she was absolutely alone except for the horses, munching their hay and paying no attention to her. There she tore open the envelope with fingers so nerveless and shaky that she could scarcely make them do her will. A letter fell out and in a trance she unfolded it and read it.

At the head of the sheet the name of the railroad was repeated in larger letters and with the words spelled out. Under it was the date, November 16. The letter proper was likewise in typescript, except the signature, which was written with a pen.

Miss Louise Overturf,
Gumbo, Minn.

My dear Miss Overturf:

Whether or not I have as much money as you think, at any rate I can spare something for so praiseworthy an object and I enclose herewith my check for $100.

If you read as many good books as

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$100 will buy, you will have made an excellent start toward a liberal education.

I am glad to hear there are Swedes in Gumbo. They are northmen and though the north is not the gentlest of mothers, her children are only the more apt, by that, to do her credit. We need the Swedes. They are a strong, sober, sensible people. I hope great numbers of them will come over to help us make our country what it ought to be.

With best wishes,

James J. Hill

Weese read the letter once and flew back to the house. "Oh, daddy, daddy — look what I got! Jim Hill gives us one hundred dollars for our liberry — the school — Miss Mallory!" she panted, and almost fell in her hurry to lay the papers before her father.

Pick Overturf fingered the check uncertainly, as if he harbored some doubt of its reality. "How come he to send the money to you?" he demanded.

"I wrote to him — about the books we wanted!" cried Weese, and that was as much as she could say, she was so spent with excitement.

Of course she had nothing to conceal now. Having gained her point, the sooner the world knew, the better she would be suited. The gift was the sensation of more than the proverbial nine days in Gumbo, and Weese held her head pretty high when the *Voice* printed her letter — and under it Mr. Hill's letter — with sundry flattering comments upon the spirit she had shown.

The library was installed without delay and by way of dedication, Miss Mallory arranged elaborate exercises. Everybody was there and the children, drilled and drilled until they were like little pieces of machinery, went through their paces and received much applause. A few of them, older and more forward, presented original essays and declamations of an ambitious character. Weese Overturf had an essay — and it was original. She wasn't particularly old, but nobody could be more forward.

She came out and made her bow without a trace of diffidence and in a clear, steady voice announced the title of her essay, "A House Divided." It was written out and she held the sheets in her hand but while she read from them she often raised her eyes, in the accepted elocutionary fashion, and let them wander easily and casually about the room.

"I can just remember my Grandfather Allenby, in Ohio," said Weese, reading from her sheets. "He lived with us there in his old age but before that, for many years, his home was in Worcester County, Massachusetts. He was there in 1849, the year the great famine in Ireland drove so many of the people of that country to find homes elsewhere. Mostly they crossed the ocean to America and some of them landed near where my grandfather lived, so that he saw a great deal of them. I have often heard him tell how much the New England people disliked the foreigners and even feared them.

"I guess those Irish were pretty bad. They lived like savages, and what was worse they seemed to have no wish to live any other way. They drank a great deal too much liquor and when they were drunk they got into the most dreadful fights. Nobody had any control over them but their priests.

"Every Irish family had a pig and they kept the pig right in the house with them. They didn't even try to be clean. They never took a bath except accidentally, when they happened to fall in the water. It was hard to believe that those foreigners would ever make citizens. It was easier to believe that they would be the ruin of the country with their evil ways. But they were not. It was very wonderful what just a few years did to make the savages over. To-day nobody denies that the children and grandchildren of those immigrants of 1849 are good citizens. It was mostly prejudice that condemned their forefathers. Faults they had, no doubt, but it wasn't so much their faults that got them disliked as the fact that they were different. Their ways weren't my grandfather's ways, their notions weren't his notions, and for that he was narrow enough to think the less of them. I use his own word — he admitted that he had been too narrow.

"Are we that way in our day — too narrow? Are we making the same mistake with our Swedes that Grandfather Allenby and his neighbors made with their Irish? I think we are. The Swedes are different. Their ways are not our ways and we

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think our ways are best. Perhaps they are. But is that any reason why we should give the Swedes the cold shoulder?

"Isn't it only the more reason why we should be very kind with them and so win them to our ways? Shall we not the sooner make them good citizens if we are good citizens ourselves? Have we in our treatment of them always been good citizens?

"We are like a household here in Gumbo. Our laws give these Swedes the right to come here and stay. They are lawfully members of our household. Why, then, should we wish to be divided against them?"

Every other number that day was loudly acclaimed — only Weese was greeted, when she finished, with silence. People were simply too astonished to make a sound either of approval or disapproval.

Weese's essay persuaded nobody and it made no great stir except for the moment. But Jim Hill's letter was a horse of another color — Yankees of Gumbo did not soon get done talking about it, and the more they talked about it the less they liked it. Almost from the first they were doubtful whether it was indeed Hill's. They were ready to believe it the work of some lowly clerk, and the sentiments it contained his rather than those of his bo's. What more likely than that Mr. Hill, big and important as he was, should leave affairs of so trifling a nature to be handled by subordinates?

"Anyhow, if Jim Hill wrote that letter it goes to show that he don't know much about Swedes," Maguffin asserted, voicing a not uncommon thought. The letter, whether Hill's or another's, did not go unanswered. The mails were burdened no further, but in the next week's *Voice* appeared a communication that likewise caused a lot of talk — but talk now of a very different purport.

Nobody knew who wrote it unless it was J. Cardigan Clewel himself, and if he knew he never told.

Though the facts in the communication were unfamiliar, no doubt was cast upon their substantial truth. They were such allegations as everybody wished to believe and that was enough. It wasn't pretended that the situation described existed in or near Gumbo. Most likely it did not — otherwise somebody there would have known about it and so have been able to identify the parties.

Here is the communication.

To the *Voice:*

May I ask a little of your space in which to tell why my impressions of the Swedes are not exactly those which Mr. James J. Hill avows?

My nearest neighbor is a Swede. He is a married man with several children but he left his family in Sweden. I believe he has no intention of bringing them over here.

He has 160 acres in wheat and it is good wheat. I expect it will run twenty bushels of No. 1 hard to the acre and he won't get less than a dollar a bushel for it. If he has fair luck, he will clean up anywhere from $2,500 to $3,000 for his crop.

He freely admits that it is more money than he could make in Sweden in a lifetime.

But how does he show his gratitude? Come fall, as soon as he gets his land plowed for next year, he is going to sell his horses and go back to Sweden to spend the winter. In the spring he will return, buy new horses and make another crop, and another fall will see him once more on his way to Sweden.

He has no feeling for the United States as a place to live — he thinks of it only as a place where he can pick up money easily. Sweden is as much his country as it ever was — it is the only country that he cares anything about.

My neighbor says money will go farther over there. He can buy more alcohol for ten cents in Sweden than he can buy here for a quarter of a dollar, and everybody knows a Swede can't enjoy life without plenty of alcohol. He wants it in everything — even a drop or two in his drinking water.

I wonder if Mr. Hill really thinks the foreigner who comes over here and does such things is helping much to build up the country and make it what it ought to be. If that is Mr. Hill's notion, I don't agree with him. We can't build up a country with people who sell here and go to some other country to buy. It looks to me like the workers in the factories where American alcohol is made can't keep on

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paying the farmer the American price for his wheat unless the farmer pays the American price for his alcohol.

Has anybody ever heard of a Swede taking out his first papers? It is certain that my neighbor hasn't taken out his and what is more I am convinced that he doesn't intend to take them out. Instead of renouncing his allegiance to the King of Sweden he remains what he has always been, the faithful subject of that king.

What if the United States should get into a war with Sweden or Sweden's allies? We should have my neighbor to fight, secretly if not openly.

Everybody knows that they are not homesteading. Why not? Is it because they can't homestead without taking out their first papers and they can't get their first papers without renouncing the King of Sweden and swearing that they intend to become citizens of the United States? I wonder.

But they can get land without homesteading — thanks to Jim Hill. He lets them have land so cheap that it is practically a gift. He can afford to do so, because the government made him a present of the land in the first place. He uses the land the government gave him to defeat the purpose of the Homestead Act, which is that only citizens or prospective citizens shall share in the public domain.

I am told that Hill is a foreigner himself. Has he taken out his first papers?

It seems to me we have a right to know.

Next Door to a Swede

Whether or not he had any prior knowledge of the communication, Andy Maguffin made no bones of telling the world that its sentiments were entirely to his liking. He called personally at the office of the *Voice* and registered his hearty approval. He was very emphatic about it and emphasis, with Andy, meant profanity. "To hell with the Swedes!" he vociferated.

He was speaking to Clewel, but Sven Opsahl overheard him. Only a low partition of thin boards fenced off the printshop, where Sven worked, from the dark, little den where Clewel had his desk. Maguffin lashed himself up to something of a fury before he was done. He talked so loud that Sven, even though he hadn't been especially interested, could not have escaped hearing. He had a composing stick in his hand but he laid it down; and when Andy went stamping out, the Swede boy wasn't far behind.

A dozen or fifteen farmers were loitering about the elevator, waiting to unload wheat. Maguffin was still boiling over — like a kettle with too hot a fire under it — when he joined the group. "To hell with the Swedes!" he blustered, violently. "If Jim Hill stands up for them, to hell with Jim Hill, I say!"

Several of the farmers were Swedes but they didn't seem to get the idea. If he was trying to insult them his shot fell short. But he had no more than let it fly when Sven Opsahl came up. He had come away without his hat and he still had on his printer's apron, grimy with ink. He halted right in front of Andy.

"Meester Meekuffin," Sven sputtered. "Ay tank you ban purty beeg tamfule!"

Andy recoiled, but out of astonishment rather than dismay. He wasn't thought to be a coward and such a wrath as his might make even a coward bold.

"What's that now?" he choked, between incredulity and ferocity. Sven didn't flinch.

"You har me, Meester Meekuffin — you ban a tam beegfule!"

Swedes, as Gumbo knew them so far, were a meek people. Even Androscoggin Maguffin, though blinded with wrath, was given pause. Not, however, to the extent of thinking twice. The affront that had been offered him was not to be overlooked, especially with so many standing by.

"Looky here, young feller — hev you been measured fer yer coffin?" he demanded.

Sven didn't say — a taunt so figuratively framed might well be too deep for him; but whether it was or not, he stood silent. Silent but unabashed — the fire that shot from his blue eyes testified to a spirit wholly unbowed. Andy took a step nearer, glowering black as a thundercloud.

"Get to hell out of here or I'll break every damn bone in yer greasy body!" he hissed.

"Yah — Ay tank I don' run avay!" Sven gave back, awkwardly but stoutly.

With a torrent of oaths Andy lunged, as viciously as an enraged bull and about

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as blindly. "I'll show ye, by hell!" he bellowed.

The situation was anomalous. Androscoggin Maguffin was the only sworn officer of the peace in Gumbo, the very arm of the law. Who was to uphold the law and the peace in a brawl to which he was a party? For the encounter was a brawl and nothing else. Even though Sven Opsahl should justly be held guilty of disorderly conduct in what he had done so far, Andy wasn't lunging at him for that. The constable wasn't acting as constable. No sense of official duty prompted him, only the berserker wrath of a violent man whose fur had been stroked the wrong way. But if he had forgotten that he was the arm of the law, bystanders had not, and none of them felt free to restrain him.

So far as weight went, the combatants were well matched — both heavy men. In age there was a disparity of twenty years or more; but it gave neither the advantage, for if Andy had seen his best days, Sven had not yet come to his. It was a green, unseasoned boy against a man no longer young but tough as rawhide — and neither was disposed to back down.

Andy's tactics, if a fighter so furiously angry could be thought to have any, were of the rough-and-tumble order. What they contemplated was to bowl his adversary over at the first rush or, failing that, to clinch and upset him — the primitive style of battle, with little or no science about it. Sven, the son of peaceful fathers and wholly untrained for hand to hand conflict, was also primitive in his methods, but he was likewise crafty enough to fetch the constable a tap on the nose as he came on and to dodge so deftly that the constable's clutching fingers missed everything but the inky printer's apron.

The apron, weak with age and much use, gave way so readily that Andy almost went down on his knees with the force of his own attack. In fact it looked very much as if he were about to get the worst of it. His nose gushed blood in a thick stream, whereas Sven had not so much as a scratch. It was the Swede's opportunity to fall upon the Yankee and beat him down. With the constable off his balance and almost sprawling, that ought to have been easy. But Sven neglected the opening and stood back a little, awaiting the next rush.

It wasn't delayed. Maguffin scrambled up in a jiffy, his strength unspent. Too quickly for the more or less stupefied onlookers to see how he did it, he made a shift that gave him a grip with both hands under the Swede's leg and down they went together, Sven sprawling helplessly on his back, pinned under Andy's two hundred pounds of brawn.

But meanwhile the rest of the little town had heard the news, and from every direction men came running up. Some of them were Yankees but more and more, as the crowd grew, the Swedes were in the majority — possessed now of a spirit unlike any they had previously manifested in Gumbo. Nor was the leader lacking through whom their altered mood should find still more marked expression.

This was a man named Moberg. He had come among them not long since — a free preacher, proclaiming the gospel in his own way, without authority of ordination. Though he had bought land like the rest, his farming didn't keep him too busy to hold frequent meetings and he soon gathered a congregation about him. But his influence was not wholly derived from the pastoral relation. Moberg had the qualities of a tribal chieftain, and already the Swedes had learned to look up to him.

He and two or three of his countrymen laid instant hold of Andy Maguffin. By main strength and with scant ceremony, they pulled him off his adversary. Andy implored the bystanders to see fair play and let the fight go on; and there was no reason to doubt that there were Yankees among them willing to do so. If they had been numerous enough, there might have been a race riot, with serious bloodshed and destruction. But they were so obviously too few to face the Swedes in their new mood that Andy was left to his own resources and had to submit.

Sven Opsahl got up looking pretty sheepish. The fight was gone out of him — like a puppydog worsted, he had enough. And now Moberg proceeded to give the boy a rare dressing down, rebuking him in terms which, though spoken in Swedish, sufficiently betrayed their sting to every-

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body who heard them. Sven was seen to wince under them as he might wince under the lash of a whip. Everything went to show that it hurt him deeply but he stood and took it and only when the parson finished and turned his back did Sven slink out of sight with his head down.

Andy Maguffin was still having to be held. He wanted to fight Moberg. It remained for Pick Overturf to lay on the touch that relieved the tension. Pick was mindful of his official duty. He came forward as a magistrate and he spoke plainly. "A constable that disturbs the peace," he warned Andy, "is subject to removal — it says so in my book. If the sheriff of the county was to hear about you fightin' and cussin' and raisin' Cain like you are, I don't doubt he'd send down here an' have your star took away from you an' give to somebody else. We can't put up with constables that break the law."

It was enough — Maguffin was proud of his badge and he came down from his high horse right away. "He called me a damn fool!" he grumbled, but so subduedly that the Swedes who were holding him let go — at a word from Moberg — and drew back.

"That don't make no difference," Pick insisted. "If a man disturbs the peace it's your business to arrest him but it ain't your business to git him down an' gouge his eyes out!"

So ended the brawl. But there remained the seeds of other brawls.

Shortly the *Voice* came out with a squib about Jim Hill.

"We learn," it ran, "that Mr. Hill, though born in Canada, is a full citizen of the United States, having taken out both his first and second papers.

"We have it upon the best authority, too, that Mr. Hill is not in favor of admitting foreigners who mean to share only in our prosperity without helping to bear the burdens. But he doubts if there are many such. He believes that with few exceptions the foreigners who are coming to our country sincerely wish and intend to make it their country as well. He thinks that we should bear it in mind that it isn't always easy to pull up roots that have been growing for generations. We can afford to be patient and leave it to time to make these people citizens in fact, even though it should take longer than the law takes to make them citizens in form."

In the summer of 1881 an assassin's shot laid President Garfield low and until the shock wore off, Gumbo's neighborhood animosities were to some extent forgotten. Pick Overturf took the tragedy very much to heart and, though not a particularly outspoken man ordinarily, he was at no pains to conceal his feelings now.

There were circumstances that couldn't help but lead to damaging inferences. The Republicans were in the midst of a bitter quarrel — the personal quarrel of Blaine and Conkling grown big enough to disrupt the party. Conkling thought, and others with him, that he had saved the ticket from defeat the previous year, but Garfield showed no gratitude after his election. On the contrary, he made Blaine his Secretary of State and let it appear that Blaine's wishes were to govern in the councils of the administration. For Conkling there was nothing but slights and snubs. He was Senator from New York. By courtesy and long usage he should have had the naming of the Federal officers in his state. Yet when it came to the plum of plums, the post of collector of customs at the nation's largest port, Conkling's recommendation was passed over and a man of Blaine's selection was appointed. That was the culmination — if not a deliberate slap in the face, then something very like it.

The course of events was in one sense a vindication for Conkling. The convention which nominated Garfield had not neglected to throw a sop to the defeated Stalwarts, as Conkling and his faction were nicknamed. To keep them from being disgruntled, Chester A. Arthur, a Stalwart, was nominated to be Garfield's running mate in the race. So that when Garfield, after months of heroic suffering, breathed his last at Elberon-by-the-Sea, Arthur was sworn in as the twenty-first President of the United States.

A vindication, but an indictment as well. When Pick Overturf heard that Garfield had been shot, he accused Conkling in so many words. "He wants his man

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to be President!" Pick declaimed, angrily. "If he can't have his way by fair means he'll have it by foul."

He held that Conkling was the real assassin — he had as good as fired the shot.

Androscoggin Maguffin was as firmly persuaded, but by a little different course of reasoning. If Garfield had been under Blaine's thumb, as some were saying, what of it? Blaine was a Maine man, therefore he could do, or cause to be done, no wrong. Andy was not only outspoken but violent.

"Mark my words — Arthur'll never be President!" he prophesied, darkly. "Shootin's a game two kin play at. If Garfield dies an' they undertake to put Arthur in his place, something's goin' to drop. Don't you ever fergit that — something's goin' to drop!"

War — that was what Andy had in mind. If Conkling and the Stalwarts got their man into the White House, they would have to walk over a number of dead bodies, Androscoggin Maguffin's among them. Did anybody think honest men were going to submit to a wrong like that rather than fight?

"Not much, Mary Ann!"

Having exhausted his copious supply of strong oaths, the constable fell back upon a ladylike byword and by the very contrast gave it a certain force. "We'll go down there an' we'll see that old Conklin' gits what he deserves. Hangin' ain't none too bad fer the likes of him!"

Beyond a doubt the two frontiersmen voiced a statement more or less general throughout the country, but time goes far to soften such acerbities. Garfield was shot in July, but he did not die till September, and in that long interval the sober second thought had won. Conkling resigned from the Senate and he wasn't sent back. He figured no more in politics except as a memory. Thomas C. Platt, the other Senator from New York and a henchman of Conkling's, likewise resigned and though he returned to office years afterwards and became a powerful boss the Stalwarts, as such, were done.

While Arthur was President he came west to assist in the ceremony of driving the golden spike that finished the Northern Pacific Railway. He was accompanied by General Grant, Henry Villard, and a large party of lesser celebrities. Pick Overturf made a special trip to St. Paul to see them. He shook hands with the man whom he had so roundly denounced as Conkling's tool and came home full of his praises.

"He's a thoroughbred!" Pick declared.

V

Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous: but who is able to stand before envy?

The Swedes waxed prosperous and their prosperity didn't get them any better liked. If it wasn't a count against them, at least it gave gravity to the other counts. They were a frugal race, schooled by a niggardly nature, who couldn't forget their lesson at once, though they had now to deal with nature in a much more generous mood. They were sparing of expensive tools. Their hands had always served them hitherto, they would make their hands serve still.

They lived cheaply — meanly, if you please. Right behind the dealers in flashy implements, came dealers in luxuries of every sort, things to eat especially. But the foreign population did not buy these any more than they bought the pretty plows — for them the necessaries were still enough.

If they were in any respect luxurious, it was when they indulged their liking for alcohol, and even then there was a frugality about their indulgence. They purchased the spirits raw and diluted them until the cost was but a trifle in comparison with what the saloons charged for an equal measure of the stimulant in the form of beer or wine or whisky.

A saloon was something the Swedes had no use for. The cleanest and most orderly place of the kind in Gumbo was kept by a Swede, Nick Jorgens, and for that his people looked upon him as a renegade. Indeed there was something almost fanatical in the attitude of the Swedes in general toward the licensed traffic in drink. Once Moberg was called away to New Ulm to assist in a revival meeting and while there he saw something of the Crusaders, the bands of women who in those days contended against the evils of

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intemperance by kneeling in the dust in front of saloons and offering up their prayers. The sight set Moberg on fire with holy zeal and no sooner was he back in Gumbo than he formed a band of women to kneel and pray in front of the saloons there. Tradition has it that Nick Jorgens was the only rum-seller who treated the Crusaders with any sort of respect, but that didn't make him any less a renegade.

Pick Overturf's quarter section yielded him just a little short of three thousand bushels of top quality wheat that first year; and when he cashed the checks he held in his hand more money than had ever in his life been his at one time. There were debts to pay, however. He owed the bank several hundred dollars — promissory notes given to pay for brightly painted machinery, bills run up with the merchants, a little here and a little there for exotic fruits and fancy groceries, until the sum total was rather staggering. Yet when every debt was paid and he stood square with the world, he still had about fifteen hundred dollars.

"That," he announced to whom it most concerned, "goes into a house. I'm tired of livin' in the ground, like a woodchuck."

The family were delighted. Weese proposed at once that they have a big party as soon as the house should be finished. "I don't doubt fifteen hundred dollars ought to build a right good little shack," commented Mrs. Overturf. Pick laughed at her.

"Fifteen hundred," he boasted, expansively, "won't much more'n lay the foundation to the house I got in mind. We got the credit — why not have some good of it?"

He borrowed a thousand dollars but in making his plans for the new house he didn't limit the cost to twenty-five hundred dollars, the result being that his money was gone before he had the building roofed in. He finished off three rooms after a fashion, and there the family lived — in quarters not much more commodious than the sod house had afforded. Outside the house remained unpainted and the weather soon gave it a shabby aspect in spite of its commanding proportions. Weese talked of having the big party notwithstanding the unfinished state of the house, but Pick had begun to feel the pinch of his unsound financing and he thought the expense more than they could afford.

Lars Ingbretson likewise owned a quarter section of land, but a corner of it was wiregrass bog and his first crop of wheat brought him only about twenty-five hundred dollars in gross. More than two thousand dollars of it, however, was clear gain. He had bills to pay but they were modest bills — for necessaries of life and the cheapest tools that could be made to answer. By the next year Lars and his wife and boys and girls had drained their bog land, and being drained it produced more abundantly than the rest of the farm. After harvest the shocks stood so thick down there that a team and wagon could scarcely get about among them. Lars hauled thirty-five hundred bushels of wheat to market and between two thousand dollars and twenty-five hundred dollars went into the bank to swell the two thousand dollars that had been drawing interest since the previous year.

The first week in August the Ingbretsons dug the cellar for a new house and the day before Christmas they had their warming party. Their house wasn't as commanding as Pick Overturf's mansion, but it was plenty big enough and it was finished throughout — painted and plastered and papered. Moreover, it lacked that adornment so commonly found — a mortgage. It had cost in the neighborhood of four thousand dollars, and Lars paid every bill as it fell due.

The warming party at Ingbretson's was the biggest thing of the kind in Gumbo's experience so far, though it wasn't as big as it might have been at that, owing to the aloof attitude of the Yankees. They were bidden to the feast and they had no reason to doubt that they would be made heartily welcome. Nevertheless they chose not to grace the occasion with their presence. The two races weren't mingling socially and that wasn't the only reason. Lars Ingbretson's new house was so much ahead of anything the Yankees could boast that they were in a manner put to shame and not likely to be more kindly disposed by reason of the fact.

Part of the festivities — the backbone of them, indeed — was a wedding, between Alma, the oldest of the Ingbretson girls, and Halvor Halvorson, and here again censorious onlookers were given especial scandal by the parade of foreign

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customs. Two weeks or so before the appointed day, young men rode out on horseback to extend the invitation far and wide. When one of them visited a house where Swedes lived, he was required to get down and partake of refreshment; and when he departed, some damsel of the household pinned a gay ribbon to the breast of his coat. If the ribbons that fluttered back over his shoulder were many, it signified that the refreshment of which he had partaken was no trifle. Young men had been known to wind up their rounds almost too far gone to sit their horses.

"That weddin'," prophesied Andy Maguffin, "is goin' to be a big drunk, now you mark my words. They think it's a sin to drink in a saloon where you don't never see nobody but menfolks, and still they think it's right an' proper to drink an' git drunk in a party where there's women an' children." Andy talked freely, as ever, and his words were remembered against him. Nobody was so disgruntled as he, and it was a circumstance not without its significance that nobody was so unprosperous as he, in contrast with the thriving Swedes.

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold — zero, with the wind blowing roughly out of the damp southeast. It looked as if more snow were not far off and the roads might be drifted waist-deep by another morning; but never a guest was kept away from the feast at Ingbretson's by the cold or the threatening skies.

The Swedes were very musical in their rude, untaught fashion. No sooner were several of them gathered together than somebody was ready to start a song, and once it was started everybody joined. The sledloads sang lustily to-day. Nor was there any pause in the music after the guests had assembled in the house; though it seemed as if everybody was talking too, and between the talking and the singing, the uproar they made was prodigious, even for so large a company.

They had fiddlers among them; and every Swede knew how to dance — the rustic steps traditional for centuries were a part of the children's education. Long before the early nightfall, the strings were tuned and the bows touched up with rosin — a confusion of hilarious shouts almost drowned the shrill squeal of the fiddles, and everywhere joy reigned unconfined.

At six o'clock the glad tumult was hushed while the bridal party took their places under a bower of evergreens. Alma and Halvor stood hand in hand, with their attendants grouped about, and repeated the vows as Moberg pronounced them. Moberg was in a very mellow mood, with plenty to show that while the spirit of benevolence proper to the hour no doubt had something to do with it, spirit of another texture had more. With manifest reluctance he wound up at length, mumbling an incoherent prayer while the bridal party knelt. The benediction was no sooner spoken than the house was once more in an uproar. Guests crowded about, laughing and shouting their congratulations.

The cups were uplifted and Moberg was clinging to a chair for support as he proposed a toast, when with a deafening crash the front wall of the house buckled inward and a shower of broken glass rattled over the floor.

Guests were astonished and in the next instant affrighted. A rush of icy air spread fumes of gunpowder. The cry went up that they were being fired upon. Women clutched up their children and fled, some to the kitchen and some to the stables and strawstacks, while nothing but shame kept the men from taking to their heels also.

Moberg, at least, was not afraid. The crash sobered him, and he faced the situation undismayed. While yet the fumes of gunpowder hung thick, the preacher fared forth to see what had happened, and a dozen of the men rushed out after him.

They found the porch a wreck. Evidently a blast had been set off under it and the force of the explosion had reduced it to kindling wood. The house proper, except for the broken windows and the door wrenched from its hinges, wasn't much damaged. The front wall had buckled, but it had sprung back to its proper place. There was no believing the blast had been an accident. Somebody had laid the heavy charge of powder and set it off deliberately and with malice aforethought.

Under Moberg's direction, lanterns were brought and the premises narrowly searched. Snow had been falling in frequent flurries since sundown, but it lay mostly in drifts and near the house the

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wind had swept the ground bare. Bare and frozen as hard as a rock — not a chance of finding any tracks there. The drifts were trampled where somebody had wallowed through, but the powdery snow had taken no footprints that could be identified.

It was significant that Ingbretson's was the only porch in Gumbo. Pick Overturf had meant to have a porch, but he ran out of funds before he got it built. The only porch was a Swede's. Furthermore it was a sightly touch, which gave the house something of the grand air.

Here was an outrageous violation of common rights, yet nothing was done about it. That is to say, nobody was punished. Gumbo County was a spacious territory and sparsely settled. The county seat was forty miles away, in Delray. The sheriff's office was there and the sheriff, John Highfil, had never set foot in Gumbo town till he came up to see about this affair.

Highfil was a Yankee, not given to taking the Swedes very seriously as a political element. Few if any of them were voters. It was pretty generally believed that they didn't intend to become voters, and therefore a placeman who owed his place to popular election had no reason to fear them. The sheriff ran up to Gumbo when notified of the outrage and looked the ground over. Anybody could see that he wasn't sympathetic. Moberg did his best to get something started. He believed he knew who was at the bottom of the mischief, and he hadn't formed his belief without grounds. But his proofs failed to impress Highfil, who deemed them insufficient to justify him in taking steps. The best he could, or at least would, promise was that the grand jury should hear of the affair; and Moberg might tell his story to them if they cared to listen to it.

Before he left Gumbo, Highfil was seen in earnest consultation with Pick Overturf and Andy Maguffin. But of course there was nothing necessarily improper about that. Overturf was the local magistrate while Andy, as constable, might be considered the sheriff's official representative.

The grand jury was made up of citizens selected and summoned by the sheriff. They were paid three dollars each for every day or part of a day they attended, together with an allowance for mileage which, in that country of magnificent distances, amounted to a tidy sum — easy money, in other words. The sheriff was accustomed to select and summon citizens who could be politically useful to him; and what he had been accustomed to do he did now.

The grand jury went through the form of investigating the outrage. Moberg went up to Delray and testified. No other Swede was called, however, and the jury adjourned without finding any indictment.

Moberg was perfecting his English faster than any of the foreigners, unless it should be Sven Opsahl, whose opportunities were exceptional. Though not as highly educated as some of his cloth, Moberg had gone to school in the old country. He had an elementary acquaintance with the classics and rather more than an elementary acquaintance with French, and both helped him. What he had to say about the wrecking of Ingbretson's porch and the failure of the grand jury to act, therefore, wasn't said in Swedish altogether or to Swedes only. There was enough of it, besides, to come presently to Andy Maguffin's ears and to put him in a very bad temper.

Knute Nelson, the lawyer, was seen in Gumbo at least once that spring. He talked with anybody and everybody he chanced to meet, but his business seemed to be with the Swedes. It didn't appear that they had sent for him, but it was they rather than the Yankees whom he had come to see. He was at Moberg's over night and the lights burned late in the preacher's house.

Pretty soon the Swedes were taking out their first papers. Only a few of them at first, as if they were cautiously trying the ice; but as the season advanced they applied in increasing numbers until by early summer the clerk of the district court was swamped with the business. There wasn't so much to it in those free and easy days, and Swedes in shoals held up their hands and took the oath that gave them the rights of citizens.

Moberg was very active in the work, and in as much as he knew English well enough to interpret between his countrymen and the officials, his services were in brisk demand. That it was a concerted movement everything went to show. That

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it had some purpose back of it was equally to be taken for granted. Naturally the politicians and placemen pricked up their ears, Sheriff Highfil with the rest. He had held his office since the formation of the county, provisionally; he wanted to be elected to a full term; and nobody knew better than Highfil that the Swedes had no reason to regard him with favor. His part in the Ingbretson affair wasn't going to be forgotten in a hurry.

As was apt to happen in a new community so far north, the political complexion of the county was strongly Republican. The Republican ticket never failed to win, and the only contest was the scramble for that party's nominations. The Swedes brought with them no predilections that would tend to swing them to one party rather than the other. They were not unwilling to be Republicans; and since there were no Democrats at hand to persuade them otherwise, they became Republicans by default, so to speak. Knute Nelson was of that faith and nobody had so much influence with the Swedes at the moment. Highfil made a special journey down to Alexandria to make it plain in that quarter that now was the time to attach the new voters to the Republican cause.

Somebody, most likely in a spirit of mischief, wrote to the *Voice* (which had espoused Highfil's cause) to inquire if Jim Hill wasn't a Democrat. Hill had influence, too, and if he was a Democrat it might go far to spoil the well laid plans of those who were bent on making Republicans of the Swedes. The *Voice* printed the letter and answered it by saying that while Mr. Hill was understood to be a Democrat in so far as he was identified with any political party, that fact was due to his position in life more than anything else. The *Voice* presumed to aver that if Mr. Hill, instead of being president of a great railroad system, were a farmer in Gumbo County, his good sense and sagacity would make him a Republican. Mr. Hill would be the last, the *Voice* was convinced, to wish his beliefs to be accepted simply because they were his.

They didn't call them primaries, fifty years ago. They were caucuses then; and already the word had begun to have an invidious meaning, because, while the caucus professed to be a device whereby the voters of a party might register their choice among several candidates, the machinery could be so tempered with as to have an entirely different effect. Highfil had his henchmen in every precinct, who handled the caucuses in their candidate's interest with no difficulty beyond what was ordinarily encountered — and that was very little. The Swedes attended, but they were dazed and diffident. Another thing — they were being treated with a consideration such as they were wholly unprepared for. No fun was being made of them any more. The voting, as was usual in the caucuses, was by acclamation. The very important post of chairman was assigned to somebody who wasn't afraid to strain a point should the need arise; and the programme, cut and dried beforehand, went through without a hitch. Each precinct elected two delegates to the county convention and without exception they were Highfil men.

After that the county convention was the merest formality. The delegates assembled and went through the motions, Highfil being nominated as the regular Republican candidate for the office of sheriff. It was not till the very day before election that the waters showed any signs of a disturbance under the surface. Sven Opsahl took the train to Fergus Falls that morning and came back in the evening as far as Delray, bringing with him a bundle which somebody got a chance to feel furtively and so discover that it contained paper sliced up into thin slips, for what purpose could be only too easily guessed.

Sven delivered his bundle in Delray, and Highfil got word of it that night. He didn't sleep a wink. Indeed, he never went to bed, but mounted in hot haste to warn his henchmen of the calamity that impended. But it was too late. The polls hadn't been open an hour, election day, until the sheriff's worst forebodings were confirmed. The Swedes were voting the Republican ticket with perfect loyalty, except that they were pasting over the name of John Highfil a sticker which made the ballot read at that point:

For Sheriff,
Gustaf Moberg

Moberg was elected by a majority which, though not large, was amply

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sufficient. It was thought that every Swede in the county voted for him.

The next grand jury wasn't made up of Swedes entirely; but citizens of that nationality predominated in its counsels and the very first indictment reported to the court charged Androscoggin Maguffin with having maliciously and feloniously laid and set off the charge of gunpowder that had wrecked Ingbretson's porch and endangered the lives of his family and his guests. A warrant for Andy's arrest was issued forthwith and Sheriff Moberg went in person to serve it. News didn't travel fast in the eighties of the last century; and Gumbo's first intimation came when the two men met once more right in front of the post office, at the hour of the day when bystanders were most numerous. In fact, Moberg had come up from the county seat by the train which brought the day's mail, and nearly everybody was there waiting for the postmaster to hand it out.

Andy was going to pass by without speaking, but Moberg detained him. "Mr. Maguffin," he said, "I have business with you, if you please."

Moberg, by the way, had come to that point in his mastery of English where his foreign origins were betrayed by nothing so much as his precision. Nobody to the manner born would have spoken, at such a juncture, so flawlessly. Andy halted abruptly. He may or may not have had a premonition. At all events he evinced nothing but animosity.

"Spit it out!" he barked. Moberg, on his part, preserved a proper official balance between brevity and suavity. "I have a warrant for your arrest — from the district court, Mr. Maguffin. Shall I read it?" He drew the paper from his pocket.

Andy went livid. "No damned Swede—" he choked with passion when he had got so far. Moberg unfolded the warrant.

"I will read," he said, still with the utmost precision. It wasn't a long document, however, and though he pronounced the words deliberately, he was soon done.

"Will you go with me quietly, Mr. Maguffin?" he asked. "Or shall I be compelled to handcuff you?" Bystanders, several hundred of them, crowded up, Pick Overturf among the rest. Pick offered counsel of discretion. "Better go along quiet, Andy — you don't gain nothin' by resistin' the sheriff."

"Sheriff and be damned to him!" frothed Maguffin. "To hell with the Swedes! I'll fight any ten of them. I'll —"

"He's an officer of the law in the pufformance of his duty an' if he is resisted he kin call on anybody he sees to help him," Pick pointed out. "It says so in my book."

"I shall not call on anybody to help me," said Moberg.

He had the handcuffs out where they could be seen. They glittered in the sunlight, and Andy regarded them much as an angry bull might regard a red blanket. He lifted his eyes and encountered Moberg's. For a tense moment they faced. It was Androscoggin Maguffin, the bad man, who backed down at length. But with the worst grace in the world. He wasn't cowed. His feelings were what they had been, only that an instinct of prudence had entered among them.

"He'll go," said Overturf to the sheriff, in a low voice.

Moberg and his prisoner took the train right back to Delray and the prisoner was not shackled. Pick and several other neighbors went along to give bail, and Andy was restrained of his liberty less than half a day altogether.

With a great show of righteous indignation he demanded a speedy trial and it was accorded him. He had to wait only about a fortnight for his day in court. He was defended by Bill Erwin of St. Paul, the most famous criminal lawyer between Chicago and the Rocky Mountains. With the advance of civilization, men with the bark on were bound to go out of fashion; but still they had their uses in that part of Minnesota. Certain interests with purposes well formed, though not yet ready to come out into the open, might well be sorry to see Andy sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years — sorry enough to prefer to pay the great Erwin his fee.

Anyhow, the Tall Pine was there. He towered high over most men. Very tall and straight and slender, sharp of feature, alert of eye, aggressive of front, everything about him to the least turn of his head a testimony to the tireless energy that had won him his eminence. He made a stir indeed when he entered his appear-

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ance at the bar of the district court in Delray. Had there been no other attraction, plenty of people would have come miles just to see Bill Erwin in action.

Fish, the county attorney, who much preferred not to prosecute, made a pretext to call upon the attorney-general of the state to intervene. The attorney-general couldn't refuse under the law; but though he intervened, he did not prosecute in person. A youthful deputy named Arbuckle was sent out from St. Paul to take charge.

Arbuckle, by a coincidence, had read law in Knute Nelson's office, which had been enough to land him, within a year or two after his admission, in the legal department of the St. P. M. & M. Railway. There, however, ill luck had attended him — he had done something or other not to the liking of the big boss, and the order came down, from the throne direct, to dispense with his services.

During a recess in Andy Maguffin's trial, lookers-on and listeners who were near enough overheard Erwin rallying Arbuckle.

"They tell me you and Jim Hill didn't hitch," the Tall Pine remarked, his affability in marked contrast with his nervous, abrupt manner when the trial was in progress.

"No, Jim didn't fancy the color of my hair — it's too red," Arbuckle replied, with a jolly laugh. He didn't seem to have taken his dismissal much to heart.

"In order to be just the kind of courtier Hill likes in his royal entourage," Erwin chuckled, "I expect a man ought to be built like me — slim enough to fold up, so he can knock his forehead on the ground."

"That's right, too," Arbuckle assented. "He's got to be a halo polisher or he don't get far in that company."

"I heard a story the other day, about Jim Hill and his merry crew of halo polishers —"

Erwin's knack for telling stories was only less well known than his skill in defending criminals and lookers-on and listeners were keenly disappointed when the rap of the sheriff's gavel gave warning that the recess was at an end.

The evidence against Maguffin was wholly circumstantial. The strongest link in the chain, perhaps, was furnished by a handful of splinters identified as having been part of the barrel of a wooden pump. They had been found scattered about the scene of the explosion and the theory of the prosecution was that the blasting powder had been tamped into the hollow of the barrel to make a bomb of it, the ends being sealed tight except where the fuse entered. There were traces of green paint on the splinters. This connected them with Andy because nobody else in Gumbo used a wooden pump, and further, he had not long since discarded a worn-out pump which had been painted green when it was new. Andy couldn't produce the old pump. He claimed he didn't know what had become of it. He had thrown it out and left it lying and if somebody had come along and picked up the barrel, it was nothing to him. He denied that he had made a bomb of it to blow up Ingbretson's porch.

Another link in the chain was the testimony of a merchant in Delray. He made oath that he had sold Maguffin a 5-pound can of gunpowder some weeks previous to the Ingbretson affair. The merchant would not have recalled the transaction had not Maguffin taken pains to explain that he intended to use the gunpowder in certain experiments which he had long contemplated. He owned some land which he wanted to drain, and his notion was that a ditch could be blasted out more cheaply than it could be dug out.

Andy admitted having bought the powder. But he insisted that his explanation had been in good faith. Asked if he had ever blasted out his ditch he replied that he hadn't, but that was because the explosive got wet and he threw it away.

A jury was obtained only with the utmost difficulty. Every Swede called to the box was challenged by Erwin for implied bias; and in every instance he made the challenge good by the admissions he extorted. There was something uncanny in the way he extorted admissions. It was a contest between Moberg and the Tall Pine, and Moberg got the worst of it. Erwin was determined that no Swede should be accepted and none was. If Arbuckle had been equally skillful in keeping Yankees out of the box there could have been no trial in that county.

In cross-examination Erwin was terrific. Figuratively speaking, he picked the wit-

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nesses up in his two big, bony hands and wrung them as he might wring a rag. Ingbretson was involved in a dozen contradictions, though a more sincere and honest man never swore to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Halvor Halvorson, the groom of the evening, broke down and blubbered under the Tall Pine's merciless hammering. Sheriff Moberg was called and left the stand gasping for breath and sweating profusely.

But the great advocate's culminating performance was his plea to the jury. His voice rose and fell, running a gamut between the roar of a tempest and the whisper of a midsummer zephyr. He raged up and down. He crouched with clasped hands in the posture of entreaty. His eyes shot fire or filled with tears. His arms beat the air with the ferocity of a bear in chains or hung limp as the wings of a dying bird.

The jury disagreed. You heard that ten of the twelve voted for acquittal and the other two for conviction with a recommendation of mercy. An acquittal had been generally expected, but a disagreement was the next thing to it. Technically the charge still stood, but Andy loudly predicted that nothing more would ever be done about it.

Probably the feeling between the Yankees and Swedes of Gumbo was bitterest at that moment. Andy went swaggering back home with a chip on his shoulder; and had the foreigners chosen to take up the defiance there might have been the dickens to pay. They were under more restraint, however, and though their quiet was ominous, for the present Andy went his way unmolested.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

The Genius of Protestantism

There are, it seems, men who actually see both sides. Dr. Myers's comments are inspired by the debate in February on the question: "Is Protestantism Declining?" between Mr. Herbert Asbury and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Herbert Asbury is no insignificant gadfly. Most Protestants will question the soundness of his diagnosis. Surely, some of these sweeping charges must be taken *cum grano salis*, as, doubtless, he intended that they should be. If Protestantism is as sickly as is indicated, his metaphor has been carelessly chosen and he credits the church with altogether too much vitality by asserting "it has received a mortal hurt" [in the combat, of course], "and the uproar is its death agony."

What Mr. Asbury has to say about the rural church is universally recognized. The building up of an urban population finds its roots in an economic demand, and there is little to be done about it except to close many of the rural churches and convert the others into community centres. But in spite of the funereal aspects of Mr. Asbury's prophecies he has, admittedly, touched with his foil some vulnerable spots.

Dr. Cadman's defense seems to us inadequate. The withering contempt with which he meets his young opponent is as inexcusable as his argument from historical precedent is specious. As to unity — the Lausanne Conference was the rawest advertisement of our hopeless divisiveness that has yet been flaunted before the world. If after three hundred years the thirty represented divisions of Protestantism can do nothing more than "lay bare the agreements and differences," we are in a sorry plight. Recognizing the sincerity of the organizers of such a conference, the result should cause profound humility, certainly afford little ground for boasting.

Also unconvincing is Dr. Cadman's bold affirmation that "the scientific point of view is accepted to-day by a substantial majority in nearly every Protestant communion." We should like to know how he found that out. What is meant by "the scientific point of view"?

Why all this hullabaloo over numerical growth? A spurious evangelism has worked the arithmetic overtime to our loss. The current question with most of us is how wisely to guide the mind of youth in a rather difficult age. After all, the younger generation has something to say and is saying it, however illogical it may sound. Protestantism most assuredly will gain little by assuming an archepiscopal pomposity, as though we had a monopoly of truth, by exclaiming to the credulous,

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

The dogs will continue to bark.

The genius of Protestantism rests upon personal liberty and not upon organization. Even this ex-Methodist who purports to be an infidel has a right to speak, though his criticisms are ill-balanced and decidedly acidulent.

CHARLES HAVEN MYERS

Cleveland, O.

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Answers to Arguments

Dr. Frank Bohn and Mr. Norman Hapgood comment on salient points in each other's discussion of the control of superpower, subject of the March debate.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The electrical industry has been developing in this country for nearly fifty years. Large engineering plans for superpower systems are, in some cases, being held up pending public decisions of policy. Yet my opponent makes the extraordinary observation that "we are not called upon to decide the exact degree to which the Federal Government should control, develop, and operate electrical power. . . . We have not yet reached the point where it is necessary to make a precise programme." No doubt the advocates of political ownership and management may and do proceed with their present campaign without any precise programme; but engineering problems and actual management demand a wholly different attitude. They are nothing if not "precise."

The only factual statement made by my opponent to which I shall advert concerns the services rendered by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission. Let me refer the reader, for a detailed discussion of this vital topic to *Niagara in Politics*, a book by Professor James Mavor, of the Department of Economics of the University of Toronto. Space here permits only the briefest summary of a few outstanding factors.

While there are numerous places in our own country where the consumers are overcharged, there are many, many places in Ontario where current is sold far below the cost of production and delivery. Professor Mavor describes, from many angles, the nature and degree of this vicious vote-getting policy. Meanwhile, power is sold too high to the industries in Ontario. The chief cost of current to the domestic consumer derives not from the original cost of production at the power plant. It arises from the intricate system of distribution required for domestic use. The larger the amount of power taken by any one customer, and the more regularly taken, the cheaper will sound rate structure make the rate. As a matter of fact, the average cost to the public as a whole of Niagara power is less on the New York side than on the Ontario side. Professor Mavor sums up as follows: "The rates for domestic use and even for street lighting (in Ontario) must be revised upwards and users of the future must be called upon to pay not merely a price which will cover the cost of the electricity they use but must also cover a portion of the electricity used by their predecessors during the past few years." (*Niagara in Politics*, pp. 187–88). Of course, if any government wishes to give away electrical current to its people, as ours used to give away garden seeds every spring to the inhabitants of New York apartment houses, it may, with the consent of the majority, pursue that policy.

This final word from Professor Mavor: "The Ontario Hydro-Electric system is . . . an attempt on the part of a small number of politicians to establish an industrial monopoly and to manage this monopoly in such a way as to keep themselves in power. In order to effect this object they have violated constitutional law and practice; they have assumed absolute authority; they have closed the courts of justice against proceedings adverse to themselves. These politicians by the use of insidious methods described in the foregoing pages have hoodwinked the public. . . . They have embarked upon a series of complicated industries for the management of which they have exhibited no aptitude and for which they have had none of the necessary training and experience." (*Ibid.* pp. 240–41). In another place Professor Mavor observes that the Commission has never included, throughout its whole history, a single member who possessed valuable experience either in engineering or in business administration. "The sooner they seat themselves on the stool of repentance and admit that all their estimates of cost of construction of their plant and of the cost of power were wildly astray, the better for themselves and the Province." (*Ibid.* p. 188).

FRANK BOHN

New York City

Editor of THE FORUM:

I wish to take away no credit from the coal operators, or the conductors of the cloak and suit industry, or any other group

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of money-makers, for its social service. I cannot, however, find anything horribly "inept," to quote Mr. Bohn, in the parcel post, state and government road-building, public schools, Roosevelt dam, the Panama canal, or reclamation. Nobody is asking the Government to run the details of electric power, as is done so well in Ontario. We simply decline a complete despotism in industry. We ask a very moderate protection of the mass from the benevolent rich.

NORMAN HAPGOOD

New York City

More, Babbitt, and Mencken

Essays in criticism by Mr. Paul Elmer More and Mr. Irving Babbitt were features of the January and February issues of THE FORUM. *The brief note from Mr. Mencken explains his attitude toward the controversy.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Both Babbitt and More are wedded to a static and unscientific concept of society. To them progress is a centrifugal force that spells destruction, rather than evolution. They adhere to the "classic entities." The old and lovely traditions are strong in their souls — God bless them! — but the new note their literary ears are unattuned to hear. The number of vibrations per second, I suspect, is too great for them to detect it. In the January FORUM, for example, we get this break (p. 136)" . . . and the critical ideas of the immature and ignorant are formed by brawling vulgarians like H. L. Mencken, who in stentorian tones champion any crude product of modernism which appeals to their own half-educated taste." This is very unclassic language for Mr. More. Don Marquis would have handled it more exquisitely, but personally I think Mr. Mencken is quite commonplace and sanitary. So far as I know he has not yet championed that crude thing called socialism. We have passed Mencken, who has fallen off the band-wagon and appears to be unable to run fast enough to jump on again. Musically speaking, there are not enough notes in Mencken's octave. Another thing, Mencken writes all in the treble clef; he should go down in the basement and play with a few bass notes. I recommend that he study Beethoven for a while.

Irving Babbitt is the fine product of the past generation. He and More ought to enroll in a few science courses in college or get jobs in Andrew Mellon's aluminum factories. They would write different stuff then. They ignore utterly the economic and scientific main currents of thought.

HENRY FLURY

Washington, D. C.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just read with interest Mr. Paul Elmer More's "Modern Current in American Literature." I am no good at divining currents, probably because I cannot swim in them; and there are eddies in this particular current with which I am wholly unfamiliar.

Most of the new Americans have one quality in common; they are prolix; and I am enamored of brevity. Yet *Main Street* was to me a satisfactory book. We need a few thousand Gopher Prairies to keep the country safe. Mr. More is a sound critic, if at times impatient.

AGNES REPPLIER

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Unluckily I have a long standing and unbreakable rule against replying to anything that is written about me. Thus it is impossible for me to discuss Mr. Babbitt's article.

H. L. MENCKEN

New York City

At Swords' Points

Katherine Mayo's article "Sanitation at the Sword's Point" has aroused controversy similar in intensity if not in volume, to that caused by her book, "Mother India." Mr. William Eugene Johnson is widely known as "Pussyfoot" Johnson.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the February FORUM, I read an article on "Sanitation at the Sword's Point," by our rhetorical friend, Katherine Mayo, who wrote a big book muckraking India and defending British rule therein. Early in her article, she refers to Britain as "the world's pioneer in public sanitation." Then she devotes a couple of pages to the explanation as to why Britain, after seventy years of absolute rule and as many more of partial rule, had

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done nothing toward "cleaning up" things in that unhappy land. Next follow five pages devoted to the wonderful work of public sanitation performed in other parts of the world by — America.

Some years ago, I was the week-end guest of one of the city councilmen of Birmingham, England, a gentleman deeply interested in social subjects. He took me around to visit some of the houses in the poorer parts of that city. These houses consisted of one room each piled one on another three houses high, one above the other, the two upper houses were reached by ladders, so that the occupants of the top house were obliged to reach their quarters by crawling up the ladders through the other two — there being no privacy whatever. In none of these houses was there the slightest hint of water or any other form of sanitation. My host, who had made surveys of the city, told me that there were twenty thousand such houses in Birmingham, mere dog-holes into which the people crawled at night for shelter.

I have spent almost as much time in India as Miss Mayo claims to have spent. I have visited every important city in that country except Karachi. In these visits, I habitually visited the slums, the habitats of the "untouchables." While I have seen, in these visits, slums of the most wretched character, I saw nothing worse than I found in Birmingham, England, under the pilotage of my British official friend.

So far as "untouchability" is concerned, we find precisely the same system in British South Africa and also in America, in connection with our Negro population. Miss Mayo does not have to go outside of America and British possessions to gather material about the horrid system of caste distinction. She could go to Birmingham and other British cities and easily find material for writing the same sort of a book that she has unloaded on us in *Mother India*. I hope that she will do it and then how we will howl.

W. E. Johnson

Coleman, Tex.

Editor of The Forum:

Whatever the underlying causes of the native differences between the races may be, we face the fact that such differences exist. The question is, in what way does it seem practical and desirable for the more progressive races to proceed in advancing the conceptions of the backward races in so vital a matter as sanitation?

In principle, I can see very little difference between the use of the police power in enforcing salutary laws among the backward individuals of civilized society and the use of the military power by advanced races in enforcing the necessary minimum of sanitary observances in the case of backward races.

We should make our little brother wash his face.

E. H. Emery

Chicago, Ill.

The Forum on the Air

"Forum says — " is the preface to a new radio feature which The Forum *is broadcasting regularly from Station WABC, New York. Twice a day readers' comments, culled from the Editor's mailbag, go on the air. In addition, on Friday evenings* Forum *readers may listen to the voices of the authors whose articles they find in the magazine. Among those who have already broadcast are Mrs. Bertrand Russell, Dr. E. E. Free, Diòmedes Pereyra, Dr. Frank Bohn, and Norman Hapgood, the two last in joint debate. "Forum says" is a two-minute feature, concisely abreast of the news. Authors will give quarter-hour readings.*

Broken Glass

"If a worm can turn, why not a cockroach?" asks the anonymous contributor of these lines purported to be by "archy." Mr. Masson, associate editor of "The Saturday Evening Post" also takes a crack at "The Glass Eater."

editor forum
sir

archy is my name
not archie
as you robots
always get it
archy archy archy
get that in your
nut if you can
same as anarchy
of which i am
an advocate
and am ready to debate
in the forum

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the boss has turned me
down again
because i want
to write
my memoirs
and he is afraid
i will spill the beans
but even if i am
a cockroach
i never committed
anything so childish as
the glass eater
he must be
hard up but how
did you fall for it
interrogation point

archy

Editor of THE FORUM:

I wish I might be enthusiastic about "The Glass Eater" by Don Marquis, who has so long been my friend and for whom I have the highest admiration. It goes without saying that this piece of his is original and well done — no one could do it better. But it is artificial humor, not based upon or symbolic of anything universal or permanent. The whole idea is expressed in the first page and after that it is the mere carrying out. After you have read it there is nothing more to do about it, whereas genuine humor offers a basis of permanent reflection.

THOMAS L. MASSON

Glen Ridge, N. J.

Corra Harris, Humorist

Our readers have promptly elected Mrs. Harris to the Forum Hall of Fame!

Editor of THE FORUM:

Quite aside from the many other literary accomplishments of THE FORUM, you are doing the reading world a real service in revealing some of the hitherto unrealized talents and developments of individuals and groups of individuals.

Until I had read Corra Harris's "South" in the February issue, there had not fully dawned upon me a realization of the tendency gradually developing in that section of America below the well-known "Smith & Wesson Line."

Our old geographies taught us that the principal product of the South was cotton. Closer scrutiny has shown that a considerable by-product was "bad niggers," ku klux klans (stet), and lynchings.

Now Mrs. Harris comes along and convinces us that the most important product is humorists! With Will Rogers, Octavus Roy Cohen, and now Corra Harris, the circle is almost complete, and your hokum writers of lower Broadway must look well to their laurels.

Mrs. Harris treats us to the delightful bit of humor that Southern people are more normal in their vices. It is difficult to determine just how they approach their decision as to the degree of their normalcy as evidenced by the burning of a live human being at the stake and fighting among themselves over the possession of particularly choice portions of the well charred anatomy. Since "they are also more polite," I wonder if they say, "Thank you" to the families of their victims?

It is not, however, so difficult to understand why they of Georgia "give themselves less airs about the virtues they have inherited or achieved," when we realize the well-known historical fact that a considerable portion of the original population of the Imperial Wizard's realm consisted of convicts "too degenerate to attempt reformation" in the rather effective prisons of England of that day.

Coincidentally, it may explain Mrs. Harris's rather thinly veiled dislike of immigrants, "with their mental and moral degeneracy." Folks have long since stopped climbing too high in family trees because of the fear that one might find a rather unlovely monkey ancestor clinging to the topmost branches.

If, however, there is yet lacking an element to prove Mrs. Harris's claim to the newly-founded Hall of Southern Humorists, it is to be found in her statement that "quite involuntarily we began . . . shipping millions of colored people up there" — meaning up North.

The hundreds of labor agents who have had opportunity to inspect the insides of Georgia's antiquated jails for "enticing" colored people from Georgia, must surely get a deserved chuckle out of that word "involuntarily." But it does not make it easier to understand the hesitancy of the South to separate itself from these persons of color when Humorist Harris

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states that they are and have been very subtly building "a white South."

And finally, Mrs. Harris has carefully followed George M. Cohan's formula to "always leave them laughing when you say good-by." She ends up her talk with that delicious morsel about New England's moving to Georgia en masse. Isn't it just screaming to think of some of Calvin Coolidge's relatives moving down South and grabbing off the leadership of a lynching mob from one of those delightfully bored Georgia gentlemen who helped roll up an unequaled record of 454 lynchings of human beings? Don't you just love that?

SAM H. READING

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Corra Harris has done more than any writer in her generation to dispel the theory that all the intelligence is in the North and all the chivalry is in the South. She has seen enough of the world and enough of people to know that the difference in the way they handle their R's is not a constitutional difference in the attitude of people in their normal relations toward life, but that it is merely a matter of climate. She is a hangover from another generation, with the modern viewpoint. She knows that the alleged differences between people residing north and south of the Smith and Wesson line is mainly a difference between cold bread and hot biscuit. She knows that not all poor folks in the South are proud and aristocratic. She knows that all people of wealth in the North are not Bulgarians. She has spent her life and accumulated a fortune in the merriest of all pursuits — poking fun at people who think they are more important than they are. She has kept young doing it, added much to the sum total of human happiness, and given discomfiture only to those who deserved it.

GEORGE MORRIS

Memphis, Tenn.

Thanks

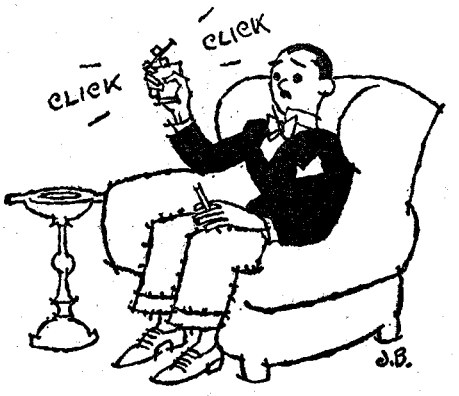
(For the Patent Lighter)

A charming toy,
A willing slave,
A thing of joy
You kindly gave.

Enameled gray,
A patent catch.
A splendid way
To save a match.

A click, a twist,
And thus it lights
(Although it's missed
The last five nights).

— PARKE CUMMINGS



The Average Mind

A problem for editors.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In reading much interesting, instructive, thought-arousing material in the December issue of FORUM, one finds the following: "psyche of man," "psychoanalytic study of related inhibitions," "compensation neuroses," "*Homo sapiens* who is egocentric," "the polyglot boarding house," "reiterated *ad nauseam*," etc., etc. I have no criticism to offer where and as used, but ask the average avid reader of the daily papers, the average American citizen, what it means, and a condition will be discovered analogous to that of the Negro, as related in your magazine by George Fort Milton, to whom a section of the Georgia state-constitution was read, and who was asked to explain the meaning as a qualification for the franchise, and who replied: "Boss, it mean jus' dis — dis nigger ain't gwine ter vote."

I believe that the process of "spreading enlightenment" could be made most interesting to "mere man."

BRADLEY S. FRY

Danbury, Conn.

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Is Protestantism Declining?

YES, declared Mr. Herbert Asbury in the February debate, "Protestantism will finally crumble and collapse." NO, replied Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, "The Protestant Churches are more than holding their own." The following excerpts from letters sent the Editor add a variety of interesting views.

YES

Protestantism is the religion of the pioneer, of man at war with his environment. As the nations grow in amity and peace both within and without, this severe religion of the stockades must give way to more liberal principles: just as the old, harsh religion of the Jews, which brought them safely through the exodus, was softened in the period of their prosperity. The religion of the future, if we are indeed entering an enlightened and peaceful age, will be positive rather than negative: it will be based upon joy rather than denial. Whether Catholicism or Protestantism persists does not depend so much upon differences of creed as upon which of these two delectable fables most entertains the human heart of a kind and peaceful to-morrow.

ROBERT NATHAN

New York City

Between the blind ritualists and the clear-eyed individualists, the Protestant Church has already lost a large percentage of its following, and must resort to Rotarian jazz methods to keep up a semblance of popular success. But is it fair to measure such success by mere numbers? Would not your real Protestant argue that his church is successful only in failure, according to popular standards? Does not the very name imply a protest against what such standards would consider worth while?

SIGMUND SPAETH

New York City

There is a great falling off in the attendance of Protestant Churches. This is not the result of Fundamentalism or Modernism. It is the lack of positive doctrinal religion. A vain effort is made to stem the tide by advertising the themes, by presenting the pictures of preachers, and by resorting to sensational methods in subjects and various features. This accentuates poverty of doctrine. Religion must appeal to the deepest forces in our nature and must convince the highest intellects. Sentimentalism or sensationalism will not do this; nor will personal opinions or the will to teach prove an adequate substitute.

FRANCIS T. MORAN

Cleveland, O.

I have not noticed many conversions from Catholicism to Protestantism, though there is a steady and considerable loss from Catholicism to indifference. There are few converts from Protestant sects to Catholicism, but a steady loss from all Protestant sects to religious indifference. The plain import of this is, that religion has no such hold on men to-day as in the past.

JOHN WILLIAM SCHOLL

Ann Arbor, Mich.

NO

I do not believe that Protestantism is doomed. Statistics are not convincing. The call for religion is as insistent as it ever has been. The great majority of people found their thinking on a belief in God. They order their lives with the consciousness of the compelling force of the idea of duty. I believe that Protestantism will be compelled to undergo some changes. Dogmatic theology is probably doomed. Ministers must study life and its problems. Emphasis in evangelistic effort will not be based upon a series of doctrines, but will consist of a fervent call to the highest type of life.

JOHN C. RICE

Caldwell, Ida.

Real Protestantism can no more fail in America or be in danger of demise than democracy itself, whose essence is also personal judgment and responsibility, can fail. Both are practically unthinkable.

S. B. MCCORMICK

(*Chancellor Emeritus, University of Pittsburgh*)
Pittsburgh, Pa.

All the divisions of Christianity, peerless among religions, are not signs of disintegration. Scientific and theological contests are never signs of decay. The pendulum swings as truly in human thought as in finance. Religious zeal fluctuates, but with each undulation the tide rises higher. There can be no real retrogression, for our omniscient God is ever marching on. Protestantism, synonymous with religious liberty, is not doomed.

C. H. TYNDALL

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Fundamentalism and Modernism are largely fiction, so far as the work of the Church is concerned. The ministry of Protestantism to-day represents a higher standard in education and a larger conception of the problems of the day than ever in the history of the Church.

E. J. MOORE

(*Superintendent, Ohio Anti-Saloon League*)
Columbus, O.

While it is true that many Protestant churches are sighing for lost congregations, it is also true that a large and growing number of people the world over are carrying their Church around with them and sincerely trying to live up to its Golden Rule every minute of the waking day. Far from being discouraged I feel that a glorious future awaits the Protestant Church if it will heed the signs and put back the calendar some nineteen hundred years.

W. ORTON TEWSON

New York City

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The Ownership of Superpower

"Should Government Ignore Superpower?" was the question debated in the March issue by Dr. Frank Bohn, who stood on the affirmative side in favor of private control, and Mr. Norman Hapgood, who spoke for Government monopoly. By far the majority of readers who sent their views to the Editor expressed a fear of furthering a paternalistic form of government.

YES

I am decidedly against the Government's taking charge of the superpower. I think it makes for inefficiency due to the injection of politics, and also to the lowered efficiency of management, evidenced in nearly every Government operation I have seen — apart from the management of such organizations as the Army or Navy. This consideration obtains also in foreign countries where I have studied the matter somewhat.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE
Burlingame, Cal.

In the past there has been no example of political control calculated to give the public confidence in government management. There is no doubt that it would be most economically advantageous to develop superpower but such development must be by experts and not by politicians.

ALFRED C. THOMPSON
(*Principal, State Normal School*)
Brockport, N. Y.

For the following reasons I should favor the operation of superpower by private corporations under government lease and a common sense modicum of government supervision:

1. Because government operation would undoubtedly tend to make the business a burden on the general taxpayer.
2. Because government operation of business in this country does not seem likely to improve the price to the consumer over the price set by private operation.
3. Because the government's attitude toward its business is apt to be unstable, due to changes in administration.

J. WARSHAW
Columbia, Mo.

It is my opinion the government should keep hands off superpower. I base this on these reasons:

1. Electric power has been developed by people who had faith in its future and who backed that faith with their money.
2. It has been developed intelligently, persistently against big odds and along scientific lines. The organizations that have been formed have been in greater number, carefully set up, and function economically and progressively.
3. My observations, covering thirty years as a citizen and as an editor, incline me strongly to the belief that under governmental control it would be impossible to keep the politicians from sticking their fingers deep into the electrical industry, which, in my opinion, would militate against the best interests of the public and the welfare of the industry itself.

H. I. SILLIMAN
(*President and Editor, The Pottsville Journal*)
Pottsville, Pa.

NO

While we have the alleged failure of the Shipping Board under government direction on the one hand, we have the oil scandal on the other. What may be needed is government supervision, separated from party political exigencies, under disinterested experts. That there should be some measure of government control is obvious.

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND
(*General Secretary, The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America*)
New York City

All natural resources belong to the people and, therefore, should be handled by the government which is supposed to be of and for the people. However, as there is a vast difference between an ideal government and practical politicians, I fear that if these resources are turned over to these politicians we will have additional cases of graft.

A. H. MCKINNEY
(*Superintendent, New York City Mission Society*)
New York City

It is my opinion that all power companies and all transportation companies with interstate scope should have at least a limited amount of Federal control. The individual states can control transportation and power companies limited to the bounds of a given state, but they cannot control such public service corporations when they extend beyond the control of a given state. I believe in states' rights within the borders of a state, and beyond that we must have Federal control.

ROBERT H. WRIGHT
(*President, East Carolina Teachers College*)
Greenville, N. C.

In my opinion the only thing that can possibly save the day is Federal control. To-day all outdoors is being sacrificed on the altars of superpower. See how we of Wisconsin are fighting a losing battle to save some of our beautiful streams and falls for posterity. What will posterity say of us when they find themselves sans waterfalls, sans green forests, sans singing rivers? The only thing is real Federal control, and not political control.

O. W. SMITH, D.D.
Oconomowoc, Wis.

A government may not choose to run many lines of business, but when anyone says that a great government cannot run any business and that private corporations can, they are against democracy or a republican form of government on the assumed theory that governments are failures and that a corporation should be substituted — a king or a board of directors. A government that can conduct a war can do anything.

JOHN O. YEISER
Omaha, Neb.

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Living Poetry

Isn't this contributor, after all, simply defining Art?

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Lonesome Water" by Roy Helton in the February number of THE FORUM is a gem.

In this poem Roy Helton showed, to make use of a mountain expression, that he knew his route. That is, he was familiar with his subject.

I was "fotch up" in the hills of East Tennessee, and I know the "ups and downs" of the "hill billie."

I have dug "sang" in the rich "hollers" of the big woods, and crushed heart leaves in my hands and held them to my nose to enjoy the wild, sweet odors of the deep and mellow shade.

I have traveled the old familiar path that led to the pawpaw thicket in the gorge, and to the spot where the wild grape and muscadine clung with tender embrace to beech and buckeye.

Where the everlasting cliffs were festooned with vine and fern, and the wild pheasant often drummed on a far off log.

In spring time we toned our systems with sassafras tea, and homemade bitters composed of dogwood, wild cherry, and "yaller" poplar bark with whisky added to suit the taste.

In such surroundings we lived poetry, while in THE FORUM we read it.

B. CLAY MIDDLETON

Oklahoma City, Okla.

Ezra Pound

Readers are referred to Mr. Pound's letter in these columns for February. A study in temperament.

Editor of THE FORUM:

There is a photographic pose of Ezra Pound most constantly before the public eye. It is not the picture of the man, but of the prophet — dark-bearded, head flung forward, hands resting as though upon the keyboard of an invisible instrument. So to many readers the name of Ezra Pound must have struck fire across the pages of "Our Rostrum" in the February edition. We were startled at the name, but more so at the words from his letter concerning Cultural Equality:

"No! And nobody else should either. This 'encouraging' people to cultural equality has made the U. S. hell on earth; it has made possible Bryan, Wilson, Volstead, Harding, and all the other vermin that have clouded the native scene. If a man, black, white, pink or orange or any other damn color, can't get his equality or equality plus, then to hell with him."

"Ezra Pound?" the mind questioned and the heart replied, "Ah, no, . . . not Ezra Pound!" Yet there it was, glaringly conspicuous . . . the ugliness of ungainly rhetoric, the rage of intolerance, the swagger of conviction. The heart hesitated, sickened, then abruptly closed all channels of conscious recognition and fought back to remembered lovely things and to

> "Be in me as the eternal moods
> of the bleak wind, and not
> As transient things are —
> gaiety of flowers.
> Have me in the strong loneliness
> of sunless cliffs,
> And of gray waters.
> Let the gods speak softly of us
> In days hereafter,
> the shadowy flowers of Orcus
> Remember thee."

When one can draw loveliness from a violin, why should one crave the mad syncopation of tin cans? One is compelled to gaze in astonishment at Mr. Pound's letter, so thoroughly "expatriate," so astoundingly unliterary, as though it had been sent in diabolical mockery at having received two thousand dollars in recognition of his "service to letters." One recalls Mr. Pound's letter to *The Dial;* "It is impossible for me to accept an award except on 'Cantos'. . . . It would be stupid to make the award on prose-basis, as my prose is mostly stop-gap — attempts to deal with transient states of murky imbecility or ignorance."

One even regrets that THE FORUM exposed as great a poet as Mr. Pound in one of his admitted states of imbecility.

HELÈNE MARGARET

Omaha, Neb.

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

Upton Sinclair

A California novelist and reformer who believes that a check in the hand is worth a head in the noose.

(*See page 653*)

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

ARTHUR TRAIN

A New York novelist and lawyer who believes that men are equal before the law and courts impervious to cash

(*See page* 645)

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

A. L. ROWSE

Young English poet and lecturer in Modern History, Merton College, Oxford

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